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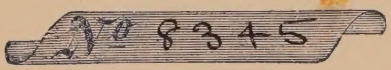

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CHARLES DE LANGLADE

DE LANGLADE COMMANDING THE WISCONSIN AND MICHIGAN TRIBES AT BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, JULY 9, 1755

From an oil painting by Edward Willard Deming of New York, presented to the Wisconsin Historical Society, under the patronage of President Robert Laird McCormick. De Langlade appears in the left center; Major George Washington in the distance is grasping for the bridle of General Braddock's horse, as the brave soldier is fatally wounded. Page 82.

Bravest of the Brave

Captain Charles de Langlade

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By Publius V. Lawson, LL. B.
Author of "Family Genealogy"

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Dedicated

TO MY WIFE, WHO ALSO ENJOYS THE STORY OF
LONG AGO, IN COLONIAL DAYS, ALONG
THE TOMAHAWK TRAIL

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CHARLES DE LANGLADE

This half-tone is from an ideal pen and ink drawing made by Master Harold Kimberly Lawson. No likeness of the frontier ranger can now be discovered.

THE STORY OF CHARLES DE LANGLADE

CHARLES DE LANGLADE, born on the far frontier, where he lived all his life and died before the settler had crossed the Allegheny Mountains; fought in ninety-nine battles, many of them the most celebrated in American colonial history; fascinated by the charm of the hunters life, the forest was an open book to him; one who never knew fear; a matchless leader of the Indian bands of a dozen savage tribes, who followed him as children their father, hailing him as "The Bravest of the Brave;" an honest man, living in partial poverty, when by the example of peculation all about him, he could have amassed fortunes; a creole of Old Mackinaw and LaBaye, yet rose steadily by promotion until he received a commission from King Louis XV; recognized by both French and English Governors of Canada; the idol of the habitants, a simple, honest, brave man; a character of his time, whose life filled with thrilling episodes, stands out unique in the annals of the border ranger of America. American history has no parallel among those brave, hardy bushmen, who beat back the wolf, panther and wild cat, or the barbarian host of more savage men, and blazed the path for the coming millions

of civilization in the Great Lake Region and the Ohio Valley.

Langlade was a pioneer, born at Old Mackinaw, and with his father located the village of LaBaye, the future Green Bay, and became the Founder of Wisconsin.

When yet a boy but ten years of age, he first went out with an Ottawa war party to sack a Wea town; and as soon as located in Wisconsin, while yet a youth, he led the habitants and Menomonee against the Fox Indians at Butte des Morts; and soon after scattered the Sac from the Green Bay Village. He was born to a soldier's life.

None were found so brave as to attack old Britain, the head Chief of the Miami Confederacy, until word was sent to de Langlade, when he called his Ottawa and Ojibwa savages about him and marching three hundred miles to the banks of the Maumee, killed the chief, and destroyed their village, thus fighting the first battle in the coming French and Indian war, in which he followed every campaign to its close, traveling more miles, and fighting more battles, than any one else, in that long and sanguinary contest, when France lost a continent, and England cradled the revolution.

He led the Northwest tribes to the defense of Duquesne, and scattering his savages through the forest, slaughtered Braddock's army; an event which made Washington a commander. Two

years later his forest denizens gave the war whoop, and charged up the hill to slaughter Grant's command in defense of the same fort.

He was with Montcalm in the trenches behind the abattis at Ticonderoga, when Abercrombie's army met defeat, and retreated before one fifth their number. He led his savages with Montcalm to the capture of Fort William Henry. When Wolf came to capture Quebec, de Langlade was again in command of the Northwest tribes, holding the passes of the Montmorency, and on two separate occasions when he saw the opportunity to capture a third of the army of Wolf, he was denied either support or orders to attack. At the head of his tribes on the Plains of Abraham, protected by the forest along the edge of the height, continuing to pour their deadly shot into the English ranks, after Montcalm's army was in retreat, they caused Wolf himself to lead a charge against them, when twice injured, he fell mortally wounded, where:

"The path of glory, leads but to the grave."

Returning to Old Mackinaw, he was ordered to surrender the West, now a mighty empire, the home of millions. When the revolution was at its height, he again went down to Montreal to join his Indian bands of the West to those of the East with Burgoyne's Invasion. The sad story of Jane McCrea, and their dead at the battle of

Bennington, ends their history with the unfortunate General of whom it was said, the English people did not know which to admire most, "his sword or his pen."

Then gathering the savages from their lairs over seven hundred miles of river and forest, by three routes to St. Louis and Cahokias, he led the naked, painted host against the Spanish at St. Louis, and defeated, swung across the river against Cahokias, defended by the veteran forest ranger, George Roger Clark, who held the fort; and the army of the prairie, and the forest dissolved.

To recount his battles, fought by an army of painted, bloody savages, must of necessity, contain many harrowing, awful scenes; but they are a part of history and must be told. De Langlade himself never participated in these events, and prevented them as far as was in his power. In the Pontiac Conspiracy, he repeatedly advised the Commandant of the post at Old Mackinaw, of the danger he was to meet, but was threatened with being sent prisoner to Detroit if he brought any more "such old women tales to him." Afterward when the massacre did take place, no one has ever blamed de Langlade, as he was powerless to prevent it. When he subsequently snatched the commander from being burned alive, he did it at the risk of his life.

Our moral ideas of humanity cannot in anyway palliate or excuse the inhuman use of savages in

civilized warfare; but in this we must read our story in the light of the times in which the scenes occurred. All people made use of the savages at that period of our history.

His lot was cast in a corner of the world, which now floats other flags than the banners under which he led his painted hosts to battle. Born in 1729, and dying in 1800, he was a hero in a lost cause, and now when history gathers the scattered events of his life into a story, it finds him without a country. His white fleur de lis which shimmered in the northern breeze over so many years of his life, went down in the northern skies, when his brave Montcalm was buried in a grave dug by cannon ball beneath the chancel on the rock of Quebec. While he lived and the light of his brave soul went out, in the land where for a century the starry flag has held its sway, yet he cannot be hailed as one of the patriots of those dark days when Americans fought against hope; but at last placed their flag in the heavens to remain there forever; yet his life bespeaks for him; that it was for liberty he fought, and always for his country. He was a patriot in his way and his day, and gave the best of his strength, fortune and genius for his country, in which all the world must admit him as kin.

There is something marvelous in a people and its laws, when it can populate a continent with teeming millions, clothed in prosperity

and fortune, since the close of de Langlade's life.

While he made the long, tedious journey to Montreal over the rapids of the French river, and the forty-two portages of the Ottawa in thirty-five days to two months, or three months by lake and river, the swift engine now lands its passengers in a day. In those days the habitant was ice bound half of the year with only one journey, and return possibly in the year.

In gathering the material for the story of his strenuous life, we have among other authorities consulted: "The Wisconsin Historical Collections;" "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," Parkman; "Montcalm and Wolf," Parkman; "The Province of Quebec," Victor Coffin; "The History of the United States," Bancroft; Life of Washington," Irving.

PUBLIUS V. LAWSON.

Menasha, Wis., Nov. 30, 1903.

I

THE BIRTH OF CHARLES DE LANGLADE AT OLD MACKINAW, ON THE FRONTIER, OF FRENCH FATHER AND INDIAN MOTHER

THE Lower or Southern Michigan is a very large peninsula surrounded by Lakes Michigan and Huron. Way up on the extreme north point of this mainland, there has been built a modern city, which is a railroad and shipping point called Mackinaw City. About one hundred and seventy years ago this was a wilderness, and a short distance west along the south shore of the Strait of Mackinac and eight miles south of Mackinac Island, was located the French military post of "Old Mackinaw," 1712, by Major de Louvigny, a noted frontier captain under orders of Governor General Vaudreuil of Canada. This was the most westerly post of New France, then a very new country, when all west of the Allegheny Mountains was wild prairie or wilderness, inhabited only by warring savage tribes and the few hardy Frenchmen and traders, who had made the long, wild journey into this far-off land, and were stationed at the stockade fort at Detroit, or over into the western prairie at Vincennes or Kaskaskia. From the frontier settlement of Three Rivers to Old Mackinaw, came Sieur Augustin de Lang-

lade, the first of that name, whose family name was Monet de Maras. He was a trader with the savages. His business being to bring by canoes from Quebec, iron hatchets, knives and guns, as well as red blankets, glass beads and bronze ear bobs, salt and whisky, which he traded to the Indians for beaver, bear and deer skins which were transported by canoe over the rivers to Quebec and sold; a trade which produced very large profit, though attended with much risk, as the Indian made it the special business of his life never to pay his debts. This commerce among the Indians was known as trading, because peltries were exchanged for goods of the French. As it involved the peace of the country, the government required those wishing to engage in the business to obtain a license to trade, which Sieur de Langlade secured.

About 1727 Sieur de Langlade was married at Old Mackinaw to Domitilde, widow of Daniel Villeneuve, the sister of the principal or head chief of the great Ottawa tribe, the King Nissowaquet, called by the Canadians, La Fourche or the Fork. This alliance with this powerful tribe gave Sieur de Langlade great influence with that numerous nation. By this union was born to them at Old Mackinaw, early in May 1729, Charles Michel de Langlade; who was baptized in the Catholic mission there, on the ninth day of that month. The military post was composed of several log build-

ings, with bark roofs, their floors made of puncheons, that is, poles shaved off on one side to make them smooth. In one end of the single room there was a very large fire-place made of flat and round boulders, gathered on the shores, from which a wide, large stone chimney was carried up along the outside of the cabin, a foot above the roof. All about the premises, there was a high, double or triple picket fence or stockade made of small logs against which earth was piled to help hold them erect; and a wide ditch all around the outside to make access to the stockade more difficult. At the corners, and at intervals along the walls, houses like pigeon roosts were built above this fortification, in such a manner as to make the floors hang over two feet, to permit the defenders to shoot below to protect the wooden breast works from being set on fire by the enemy.

In times of peace, buildings were built from time to time along the beach, so that the settlement presented quite the appearance of a town and security. There were no streets, as there were no horses. Their means of conveyance was by canoe.

The inhabitants were few, and mostly itinerant, not intending to settle on the land, or remain long. They were either soldiers, traders or helpers. They passed their time in gossip and drinking wine. Their music was the fiddle. It

was indispensable to a Frenchman. Mr. Thwaits has described the "Fiddler's Three" in this manner:

"The fiddler was indispensable on social occasions. No wilderness so far away that the little French fiddle had not been there; the Indian recognized it as a part of the furniture of every fur trader's camp. At night as the wanderers lounged around the blazing heap of logs in the old fire place, the forest resounded with the piercing strains of tortured catgut, accompanying the gaily turbaned voyageurs, as in metalic tones they chanted favorite melodies of the river, the chase, love and the wassail." Every christening and wedding had the fiddler. At their nightly social gatherings, the fiddler sat cross legged on a plank table.

There were very few French girls in the new colony and many of the Coureurs de bois, or wood rangers and voyageurs or boatmen, the trader's men, and the traders, took wives among the women of the savage nations about them. While this was fortunate for their business of dealing with the Indians and for their partial safety from savage treachery, it made a new race of men, some good and some bad, who have been called creoles and mixed bloods. They certainly were peculiarly adapted to the formative period in the history of the west, which required the Indian to be made to see that the country must be given up

to civilized pursuits. The Creole, a natural result of the distant meeting of the races, has ever acted an important part in the conquering of the wild.

Such was the birth of the subject of this sketch, Charles de Langlade, as described above, the son of a French father, and an Indian mother.

As a small boy on the banks of the straits of Mackinac, in Old Mackinaw, in the far off outposts of New France, he was free to roam the woods, chase the butterfly, and gather wintergreens in the deep forest. He wore moccasins, leather breeches and shirt. Hatless, his jet black hair was caught upon the breeze from the lake, while he thumbed his first bow, and let fly his first childhood arrow, at the small swallows, and tip up snipe along the shore.

II

AT TEN YEARS OF AGE, HE GOES OUT ON HIS FIRST WAR-PATH, AS A MASCOT FOR THE OTTAWA

ONE morning, in the spring of 1739, when the little black eyed lad was but ten years old, the commandant of the post at Old Mackinaw, then Sieur Marchand de Lignery, sent word to Nissowaquet, the Chief of the Ottawa, to come to him. The King came to the front of the house of the Commandant, where he sat with his officers in the shade, shook hands with each one of the officers, and addressing the Commandant, said: "Did the father send for his son?" "Yes, brave Nissowaquet, I would have you lead your braves on the war-path."

"Nissowaquet is ready to obey the command of his father, and my young braves will paint their faces and take up their spears even to-day before the sun is high if you wish it."

"The Great King (Louis) has sent word to Onontio (Governor of Canada) that the Quiatanon (Wea) are always killing his children, and says they must be made to keep quiet, and remain in their village." "My father knows that Nissowaquet has taken the war-path against them at two different times, and has been driven away by the

Wea braves, who are like the leaves of the trees, so numerous are they."

"Onontio knows that, but says you are brave, and that the next time you go out against them they will be dead."

"It is not possible, they are too many, and call the Miami to help them."

"Go and fast for ten days, and you will have a dream, that will show you the Wea are dead." The old King withdrew and took the trail back home with a bottle of firewater, which the Commandant had given him.

The tribes of Quiatanon or Wea, were of the Illinois nation, and brothers of the Miami. Their villages were on the south side of the Wabash, at a place four miles below the present city of LaFayette in Indiana, near the mouth of the Wea River.

They were a very war-like and brave tribe of savages. The English of the Hudson River had sent the collars and peace pipes among them a dozen years before, and had taken a number of them as well as Miamis to Orange, as Albany was then called, to trade; and the French had used every means to engage these Illinois tribes again to their friendship, as these hostile tribes of the prairie interrupted communication with their posts on the Mississippi River; or more correctly speaking their department of Louisiana, which they reached by portage between the headwaters

of the St. Joseph River and the Kankakee River, thence down the Illinois River; or via the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers. The hostile Fox River Indians including the Winnebago, Sac, Fox, Mascoutins, Kickapoos and Miami formed with the Wea a hostile barrier across their way from all directions, and they were given presents or attacked, as occasion demanded, to regain their trade or open the way. It was for many years a bloody path. At this time the Wea Village was located on a prairie, protected by a small stockade. It was under the rule of the Queen of the Wea, who had twice defeated the savage Ottawa. In about ten days King Nissowaquet came to the gate of the stockade and the guard admitted him to see Sieur de Lignery. The chief told the commandant that he had fasted ten days and then had a dream; that his nephew Charles de Langlade was protected by some powerful Manitou, and that if he would go with his braves on the war-path the Wea would be killed. The officer was well acquainted with this superstition which had such a powerful effect over the spirits of the braves, and said he would see if he could obtain Sieur de Langlade's consent for the boy to go.

When the officer saw the trader about the boy going on the war-path, he laughed and supposed the boy was consorting some scheme to get away with the war party. He informed the officer that the boy was a mere lad and could not possibly

lend any assistance to the old and experienced warriors. But the officer earnestly insisted, and the father consented to think it over. Sieur de Langlade saw young Charles about it, and his son assured him that it was no plan of his, nor did he know anything of it; but if his father would consent, he would be very glad to go.

Sieur de Langlade then informed him he could go; but advised him that "he must never let him hear of his showing any marks of cowardice."

Young Charles was delighted at the prospect of going to war, and of having a chance to distinguish himself. He must have been a born warrior, as he spent nearly all his life as a soldier, and having fought ninety-nine battles, wished when he lay on his death-bed, that he could fight one more before his death to make it an even hundred.

King Nissowaquet then hung up the war kettle, in which was boiled a dog, to inspire all his young men with bravery; and the warriors of the tribe after the feast, were told in an eloquent speech by Nissowaquet of his dream; and that their father the commandant had obtained the consent of Sieur de Langlade, for the young Manitou boy, as they now called Charles, to go with them on the war-path against the Wea, and the heavens now favoring them, they must surely defeat their enemy and bring home many scalps.

His braves gave great shouts of joy and rushed about making ready. They painted their faces and bodies, stripped off all their clothing, except a small leathern shirt, and breach clout, sharpened their spears, and took their war bows, and flint pointed arrows, and filed away toward the south. The trail led through towering pine forests, and birch and maple openings. The country was green in its fresh spring covering, the sweet scented trailing arbutus and winter green berries covered the ground, while other woods were white and pink with the early May wild flowers of this delightful country.

The savages walked very far, and much too fast for Charles and the other little Indian boys, who were taken with them for company, so some of the big warriors would often take them upon their shoulders. Charles enjoyed the journey, and had a delightful time. To him it was great fun, going on the war-path. After a hurried journey of about ten days without meeting any enemy, they came to the vicinity of the Wea fort, commanded by the Indian Queen. Some scouts, sent ahead, reported that the enemy did not know of their approach; so they proceeded slowly until night, then rested until after midnight, when they all arose and stealthily surrounded the stockade. Not supposing an enemy was near, the gate had been left unguarded. Charles and his Indian companions, were given a place of safety on

either side of the village, and told at the proper time to blow on some reeds, which had been provided. The Ottawa war whoop was given, and in rushed the braves, yelling like fiends, and fireing the thatched tepees of the village. The Weas rushed out of their wigwams in all directions. They fought desperately. Their great numbers, with their women and children all defending themselves, might have won the battle, even with the advantage of surprise on the side of the Ottawa; but just as the fight was raging and the defenders were holding the Ottawa in partial check, the reeds were sounded on either side of the village, making various noises as if there were a large number yet concealed. This dismayed the defenders and they made a precipitate retreat, rushing from the enclosure down the river bank. The Ottawa pursuing only a short distance. The victory was complete. All the Ottawa had taken scalps and they carried Charles de Langlade home on their shoulders. Supposing their victory was given to them by the spirits of the air, because they had the Manitou boy with them, forever after this he had great influence over them and led them in many famous battles in the history of America.

There is some historical obscurity as to the details of the occurrences, just related, but it is believed the details as stated are quite within the facts.

III

SIEUR AUGUSTIN DE LANGLADE MOVES WITH CHARLES TO LA BAYE, THE SITE OF THE FUTURE GREEN BAY, AND BECOMES THE FIRST SETTLER AND FATHER OF THE FUTURE WISCONSIN

THE young creole Charles de Langlade, had few white companions in his far off frontier home in Old Mackinaw, but as singular as it may seem, he did acquire the rudiments of an education. All about him spoke the French language. The officers at the post with whom he was a favorite, spoke elegant and cultivated French. This naturally had its influence on his own speech. We suppose his father, being a man of business and affairs, took pride in teaching his son the common branches, including writing in French. He also learned the Ottawa tongue from his mother and Indian companions, also the Chippewa language, which was a court language among the Northwest tribes, and if once understood would enable him to talk with most of the other Algonkin tribes. Even the Winnebago could understand it, although their language was Siouan.

At the Old Mackinaw Village, the Jesuit fathers who were successors to Allouez and Marquette, who had this mission when it was located at St.

Ignace on the opposite shore of the strait, was Father du Jannay, also Father le Franc, and Father C. G. Coquar. Doubtless one or all of these good fathers had the education of Charles in their keeping, as well as his soul, at least until he was confirmed at thirteen. All these French missions and people were Catholics, and the Priests in charge were Jesuits who, all accounts seem to show, were highly educated men. As in after years Charles had little leisure for study, and as we know he was well educated for one always on the frontier, we have no doubt he was given a very careful training by the Jesuit Fathers.

One summer day when Charles was fifteen years of age, his father packed all his stock in trade, Indian goods, household furniture, such as kettles, cranes and a few pieces of clothing, together with their guns, powder and ball, into several canoes, and embarking with his family, bade adieu to Old Mackinaw. Their Chippewa and Ottawa peddlers pushed the birch bark canoes over to the rugged forest shaded northern shore of the strait of Mackinac, then around the wind swept northern end of Lake Michigan, into beautiful Green Bay; and around the western shore of the Bay to its southern head. Here they wound about some reed covered sand Islands, through a winding channel into the mouth of the Fox River; and paddling along its crystal bosom for about two miles, landed on its grassy eastern banks.

They disembarked their entire possessions and carried them up to the higher ground several rods from the shore where they covered them with tarpaulins. Here they prepared their first meal. The whole party so far as we can gather now, consisted of the Sieur de Langlade, a Canadian, born at Three Rivers; his wife, the sister of the Chippewa Chief; his son Charles; M. Souligny, who was husband to Agatha, a half blood daughter of Mrs. Langlade by her first husband. Either then or soon after, they were joined by Mons Carron, a French trader, who had lived many years among these western lakes and rivers, engaged in trading beads for pelts. Doubtless they had slaves and laborers with them, as well as Indians. They immediately commenced to cut down the forest trees, to clear a place for their houses, and build the logs into their homes and trading post. Thus was commenced in this humble manner, far away from civilization and among many tribes of savages, the first permanent settlement of the future Wisconsin and flourishing City of Green Bay.

There had been a small military post maintained prior to 1721 at La Baye, which has become known as the Old French Fort. It stood on the same site as all the subsequent palisade forts which have succeeded it, and near the site of the present Northwestern Railway depot, on the west side of the river. This cantonment was burned

by the French army in 1728. It was not restored again until the French and Indian war about 1754.

The Langlade's were well calculated by their relationship with the Indians, to protect themselves. They had settled at La Baye because of the superior opportunity to obtain skins from the numerous tribes of Wisconsin, where the game was more numerous than at Old Mackinaw. Besides the country was healthy and beautiful, and the Fox River was the main highway to the west.

Wisconsin was alive with wild game. The ducks and geese are said often to obscure the sun, they were so numerous. The bear, dear and wolf were everywhere. As many as five hundred buffalo were reported in one herd. The beaver and otter, among the choicest furs, were found in the streams, by the thousands. Prairie chickens and pigeons were so numerous, they were killed with clubs. The rivers swarmed with pickerel, bass, pike, sturgeon, muscallonge, catfish, perch and trout. These and succeeding settlers made their homes in a row along the river front; and cultivated the land in long, narrow strips, running back from the river, and used their canoes to visit each other, as their only other highway was a narrow trail through the forest. Beaver skins was the money of the west, as it was its chief article of commerce.

When the Langlades settled in their new home there is some evidence that the Sac Indians had

a village north of their cabins, farther toward the mouth of the river where it had been located since prior to 1721. The Winnebago had their village on Doty Island, about thirty-five miles up the Fox River at the present site of Menasha. The Menomonee had their village on the Menomonee river at the present site of Marinettee, about sixty miles north on the Bay shore. The Fox Indians had moved over on to the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, as we suppose, though the traditions which are related hereafter, show they might still be at their old home on the west bank of Little Butte des Morts Lake opposite the present City of Menasha.

The new comers were very well received by their savage neighbors, both because they could readily converse with them and their trade was brought much nearer to their village. Some of them tried their customary schemes to obtain goods with a promise of pay for them in the future when they had pelts to trade; but the trader had learned never to trust an Indian. Members of the Menomonee band often came down to the trading post and made threats, that unless they could have the goods on trust, they would seize them; but Charles de Langlade advised them not to attempt that with him. One day their chief Tepakenenee, or the "Night man," who lived two miles up the Menomonee river at their village, named Minnekaunee or Pleasant town, on the

present site of Marinette City, came into the store and asked for goods to be paid at some future date when he obtained some skins. Langlade refused him the goods, on such terms. At this the chief became ugly and threatned to take the things by force; but Charles told him: "Well, my friend, if you have come here to fight, we can cross to the prairie on the other side of the river and have a little fun." The Chief knew too well his reputation for bravery and skill, to accept the invitation. This same Tepakenenee did afterward fatally stab St. Germain, a trader located at his village. He was a savage old brute. Being sick while on a hunt, a Chippewa medicine man told him he would not die then, but having killed a man he would die in the same way. Not long after this he had a brawl with an Indian, whom he thrashed. This so provoked his antagonist, that he shot the old chief Tepakenenee dead.

The frontier settler is more dependent on a blacksmith than most anyone else, because he could repair his guns, the most useful tool of the woodsman, and the old flint lock, or flash in the pan guns were frequently out of order. A blacksmith named Lammiot came from France and opened his shop to ply his trade in this little settlement. Ishquaketa, a Memomonee left an axe with the smith for repair, and when he came after it he threw down a skin as the price of the work and took the axe. Lammiot, to whom perhaps all

Indians appeared alike, did not recognize this one as the owner of the axe, and told him it was not his axe and to be off. The Indian refused to give up the axe, insisting it was his, when the blacksmith snatched the red hot tongs from the forge, with which he seized the Memomonee by the neck, burning and choking him. Then the brave struck Lammiot a fearful blow on the head with the axe, and leaving him for dead, went and told Charles de Langlade, "I have killed the blacksmith." "Why?" "See how he choked and burned me. I had to do it to save my life." Charles ran over to the spot and found the smith badly wounded. He carried him to a bed, and found a skilled Indian nurse for him. When nearly well, a brother of the chief, Tepakenenee called and asked to see him. On entering the room he walked up to the blacksmith and stabbed him, killing him instantly. When asked why he did this he replied, he wished to end his suffering. He fled, but was soon after killed in a drunken brawl.

IV

AT THE BATTLES OF BUTTE DES MORTS. THE TRADITION OF MARIN'S VENGEANCE. BLACK BIRD, A SAC BOY, SHOOTS THE COMMANDANT OF LA BAYE. DE LANGLADE WAS IN THE BATTLE WHICH DROVE THE SACS TO THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

THIS tradition has been long and persistently related, as part of the history of the tomahawk trail and told in history, song and story, and related by the grandfathers to their children for the last century and a half.

The Outagamie, called by the French, Les Rennard, translated into English, Foxes, because of their nature and untamable independence, settled as early as 1683 on the west bank of Little Butte des Morts about three quarters of a mile from the shore. Here they had a large fort and many cabins, and a populous town of about 4,000 men, women and children. Bancroft says of them: "The Foxes were a nation, passionate and untamable, springing into new life from every defeat and though reduced in the number of their warriors, yet present everywhere by their ferocious enterprise and savage daring." They made it a practice to demand of all people passing up or down the Fox River, toll for the privilege of going freely. This was called by them, diplo-

matically, receiving friendly presents as if for their protection. Whenever they discovered a boat approaching they put a torch on the bank as a signal for the boat to come ashore and pay the customary tribute. Or they might fire a shot over the bow of the boat as a warning to stop and be pillaged after the manner of pirates.

When it was a trader boat that was passing, their exactions were excessive, and all kinds of ruses were adopted to put them off with as little as possible. Of course this unfriendly practice resulted in each succeeding boat being more and more plundered, until the exactions became ruinous to the trader and disastrous to the western enterprise. If tribute was refused, it incurred the displeasure of the Foxes, who were strong enough, and robbery and often murder resulted.

Continual complaints were made to the commandants of western posts and to the authorities at Quebec and Paris. The archives of the French exhibit an immense amount of annoyance occasioned by the temerity of the Foxes. Besides the extortionate tribute demanded, the Foxes were firebrands over the whole west as exciting war between different tribes and alternately uniting themselves to the Sioux, then the English, the Illinois, and keeping the missionary and trader in constant danger from new enemies.

One Sieur la Perriere Marin was in command of the post among the Menomonee Indians about

MASSACRE OF THE FOXES

De Langlade at the battle of Butte des Morts. "A heartrending scream of despair, as they saw their relatives and friends fall dead in piles about them." Page 40.

1730. He also had a trading post and supply depot at Mackinaw on the shore at St. Ignace, and one at the other end of the Fox River route, eight miles below the mouth of the Wisconsin River on the east bank of the Mississippi. His boats were constantly employed in taking over trading supplies of bright cloth, beads, axes, kettles and war paint, and returning laden with furs of beaver, buffalo and otter.

This Captain Marin was an old campaigner of a decided and energetic character, and knew how to meet the cunning of the Indians. At last a Canadian trader refused to pay tribute and severely wounded an Indian who proposed to take it forcibly. He was instantly shot dead and scalped, while his cargo was pillaged. Some accounts say his men were also killed. No notice was taken of this by the authorities, which increased the insolence of the Indians. This outrage coming to the notice of Captain Marin, he determined it was time to act, and at once. Raising a small volunteer force at Mackinaw, which was increased at La Baye and doubtless included some Menomonee Indians, he pushed rapidly up the treacherous rapids of the Fox River. It was customary for traders to cover their canoe loads of goods with a canvas to protect them from the weather. He adopted this plan of covering his armed men and soldiers as if they were goods. Each canoe had a full complement of men, well

armed, covered with the oil cloth. Soon as they arrived at the natural waterfall at Grand Chute, which was about three miles below the Fox village, half of the canoes were beached and a party led by Captain Charles de Langlade, made off in a circuitous direction by land, through the woods to reach the rear of the village, which stood about three quarters of a mile from the lake shore. The remainder of the party after surmounting the falls, kept up the river past Stroby Island, and into the lake. Very soon the Foxes discovered the fleet.

Only two men were in view in each canoe to paddle it ahead, which easily deceived the savages, who instantly set their torch on the shore as a warning to come in and pay tribute. The whole village came running to the shore, expecting from such a large fleet, a rich tribute. When the boats came near, the natives rushed into the waters to haul them through the shoal water further on shore.

Captain Marin then rose up and gave the order in French: "Kill, burn, and destroy." On the instant the tarpaulin was thrown off, the armed men rose up, and a long line of arquebuses were fired into the dusky throng of savages. A deadly fire from a swivel gun loaded with grape and cannister, added to the massacre. This was the signal for the onslaught of the land party on to the thatched cabins of the village. The surviv-

HILL OF THE DEAD

This drawing by J. O. Lewis, "made on the spot" in 1827; represents the council with 5000 savages, held by Governor Lewis Cass, and is the

ing savages at the lake gave a heart rending scream of despair, as they saw their relatives and friends fall dead in piles about them, and those still alive, rushed to the protection of their fort, but very soon saw the dense smoke rolling high above their village. Then they realized their total destruction was intended, and commenced to gather their warriors into a devoted band. The armed men of the boats quickly reloaded, and jumping ashore, gave chase after the remnant of the survivors, and the sacking party from the village came against the rear of the savages. A running fight was kept up for many miles. The Foxes took off down the trail past Little Butte des Morts. Then along the wooded ridge to the head of Big Butte des Morts Lake, thirteen miles away. Here they waded the Fox River to the point on the opposite or east bank, where they made a stand, and the French met them again in open battle, and slew vast numbers of them. The savages broke and ran again. They continued their march on to the Wisconsin and located on the west side of the river, twenty-one miles above the mouth, below the Kickapoo River. When Marin heard of this new settlement, he went in dead of winter on snow shoes to attack it. The Foxes were taken completely by surprise, being engaged in a game of "draw straw." Marin surrounded the place, fell suddenly on them, killing some and capturing the remainder. Not

one of the Foxes escaped. There were only twenty Fox warriors in this village which was evidence of the terrible destruction of the massacre at Little Buttes des Mortes. There was a great prehistoric mound on the bank of the Little Lake Butte des Morts, which for one and a half centuries, has been pointed out as the burial mound of the massacred tribe. This was named "Hill of the Dead," and thus gave its name to the lake and the larger lake above Oshkosh, was given its name for the same reason, though there was no hill there.

If the tribe was wiped out as the tradition would persistently have us believe, upwards of thirty-five hundred men, women and children, fell victims to Marin's vengeance.

The historical evidence of this slaughter of the Fox Indians is quite obscured. It is certain that Marin did go out against them, but the date and extent of damage done to them is mostly found in tradition. That the Fox tribe was not exterminated is certain. It is also certain that if the date was 1730, that Charles de Langlade was but one year of age. Other dates given are 1746 and 1756, which would make it possible for Langlade to have been in the battle as Augustin Grignon asserts he was, upon the authority of Charles himself.

The following account of the shooting of De Velie, commandant of the old French fort at La

Baye, is also given from the recollection of Augustin Grignon as related to him by his grandfather, Charles de Langlade.

It has been supposed that after the "kill, burn and destroy" expedition of the French army, the Sacs located at the site of Sauk Prairie on the Wisconsin River, and remained there for many years, but Augustin Grignon relates a tradition in which there is evidence of historical fact, but no documentary proof has come to light.

This tradition is that Captain De Velie, who was commandant of the old French fort at Green Bay over its small garrison, had just been relieved by a new commandant, who brought with him orders that all Foxes living with the Sacs in the village across the river be given up at once. All were willingly given up except a Fox boy, who had been adopted by an old Sac squaw, who steadily refused to give him up. Both commandants were drinking together when the frontier whiskey caused hot words about the little Fox boy, not being delivered. De Velie took down his gun, crossed the river alone with his negro servant to the palisade of the Sac village. The Sacs were then in council, and he was met by the Sac chief, of whom he demanded the immediate surrender of the little Fox boy. The chief replied his tribe were then in council about the boy, and though the old woman objected, they thought she would yield and would go at once to see her about the Fox boy.

He returned and reported she was still obstinate, but thought she "would look at it all right pretty soon;" but De Velie vehemently renewed his demands. So the chief went off to talk with the loyal old woman again, but was obliged to return without success. The old soldier was more insistent than ever and swore some French. The good chief went back to have a talk with the old woman. But she was loyal to her little Fox boy and the chief was obliged to return and report that she was still determined to keep her adopted boy, though he thought she was coming to the point of giving him up.

The crusty old French soldier was beside himself with whisky and rage, and raising his gun, shot the chief dead. The young bucks jumped up and rushing out were with difficulty kept from wreaking vengeance on the officer by the coolness of older men. De Velie had his gun reloaded by his servant, and his anger increasing, wantonly shot down another chief.

The old warriors still counseled the young bucks to keep cool, but the officer treacherously shot down a third chief, which caused such a rout of excitement that a youth only twelve years of age, named Black Bird, shot the enraged Frenchman dead. This Black Bird became a great chief, and was with his tribe at Rock Island early in the nineteenth century, where he often boasted that he had killed the officer.

The French garrison was too small, to revenge the death of the officer, but upon the arrival of Charles de Langlade, with a number of settlers, they attacked the Sacs and drove them away. The battle was very hotly contested, and a number killed on both sides. Two of Augustin Grignon's relatives were killed in the battle, but its date is unknown.

V

DE LANGLADE LEADS THE OTTAWA TO SACK OF PICKAWILLANY, THE VILLAGE OF LA DEMOISELLE, THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE GREAT FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

FRANCIS Parkman, the graphic historian of New France has eloquently described it in these words: "Canada lay ensconced behind rocks and forests. All along her southern boundary, between her and her English foes, lay a broad tract of wilderness, shaggy with primeval woods."

Galisonniere, the humpback Governor of Canada, had advised France to settle ten thousand peasants in the valley of the Ohio to hold it. The English Indian trader was crossing the mountains from Pennsylvania and Virginia, injuring the French fur trade, and seducing the French Indian allies of that region, stirring them up against Canada. He saw with a prophetic vision that some effort must be made at once to establish French dominion in the valley. For this purpose he sent Captain Bienville thither, in the summer of 1749, accompanied by fourteen officers, twenty soldiers, one hundred and eighty Canadians, a priest, a notary and a band of Indians all in twenty three bark canoes. They voyaged up the St. Lawrence to Fort Frontenac (now Kingston), then over Lake Ontario to Fort Niagara, carried

their canoes around the falls of Niagara and entered Lake Erie, landing on its southern shore at the point where stands Portland, New York. From here they carried their canoes over the country through dense forest of beach, oak, ash and elm to the Chatauqua Lakes, on whose bosom they embarked; then through its outlet into the Allegheny River known to them as "La Belle Riviere" or "Ohio." "The great west lay outspread before them, a realm of wild and waste fertility," says Parkham. Captain Bienville now made the proclamation for which he came. The men were drawn up in order. Louis XV was proclaimed Lord of all this region, the arms of France stamped on a sheet of tin, was nailed to a tree, a plate of lead was buried at its foot, and the notary drew up a formal act of the proceeding. Four leagues below French creek they buried another lead plate, inscribed with the French claim to dominion, near a rock incised with Indian pictographs. On their voyage they passed a number of Indian towns, whose inhabitants fled on their approach, and they warned away many English traders whom they met in these towns. At some of these towns they were fired on. They passed down the Ohio, meeting many powerful towns, all seemingly under the influence of English traders, who were among them; and he planted several lead plates. At the mouth of the Great Miami, they buried the last inscribed plate

and voyaged up that river. They reached the mouth of a creek, now called Loramie Creek, in Ohio, which was occupied by an Indian village ruled by Chief La Demoiselle, whom the English called Old Britain. The English traders who were living there fled, leaving only two hired men. Bienville urged the old chief to leave there and return to his former village near the French fort, on the Maumee River. He promised to do so at another time. The French tried to induce him to go then, but could not prevail; and the Captain felt that he had failed. He was not deceived, for the Demoiselle. who was Great Chief of the Miamis Indians confederacy, gathered his followers to this spot, so that less than two years after this visit the village population had increased eight times. The name of this powerful village was Pique town, or Pickawillany, and "became one of the greatest Indian towns in the west, the center of English trading and influence, and a capital object of French jealousy," says Parkman. It was near present Piqua, Ohio. Bienville burned his worn out canoes and traveled over land to the French post on the Maumee, where he procured canoes and made his way finally back to Quebec, having made a journey of nearly three thousand miles, and warned all the inhabitants of the French claim to dominion.

The next year, 1750, the Ohio company having procured its grant of half a million acres of land

from the King of England, sent Christopher Gist, over the Ohio Valley, to select the lands. He was well received among the Indian towns and finally drew reins in his wanderings, in the great village of Pickawillany. They crossed the Miami on a raft, swimming their horses, and were met at the landing by a swarm of Miami warriors, who after smoking with them, escorted them to the neighboring town, where they met with a hearty welcome. "We entered with English colors before us and were kindly received by their King, who invited us into his own house, and set our colors upon the top of it; then all the white traders who were there came and welcomed us." This King was Old Britian, or La Demoiselle. There were great changes made since Celoron Bienville visited there one and a half years before, and had tried to induce La Demoiselle to move to their French Fort. It now contained four hundred families, and upwards of two thousand people. The English traders had built for themselves a picket fort, reinforced with logs. Several councils were held in the log house, where Croghan, the frontier trader, who was with the English party, and Gist, both made speeches to the Indians and made them presents. A treaty of peace was made between the English and the Confederate tribes, all with great pleasure and joy.

In the midst of these pleasurable deliberations appeared four Ottawa from between Lakes Michigan and Huron, probably from Detroit, who bore a French flag and gifts of brandy and tobacco, with a message from the French commandant inviting the Miamis to visit him at Detroit. The great war chief La Demoiselle arose, and with "a fierce tone and very war-like air," said to the envoys: "Brothers, the Ottawas, we let you know, by these four strings of wampum, that we will not hear anything the French say, nor do anything they bid us. We say to you that we go in the road of the English. And as you threaten war in the spring, we tell you we are ready to receive you. Tell that to your fathers, the French." The chiefs then took down the French flag, which the Ottawa had planted in the town, and dismissed the envoys with their message of defiance. The home government of France ordered the Governor of Canada to drive the English from Picawillany, and Celoron de Bienville, now commandant at Detroit, was ordered to proceed against this place, but did not. There was complaint from France, that the orders were not carried out.

Raymond, who commanded the French post on the Maumee, wrote: "My people are leaving me for Detroit; nobody wants to stay and have his throat cut. All the tribes who go to the English at Pickawillany come back loaded with

gifts. I am too weak to meet the danger. Instead of twenty men, I need five hundred. If the English stay in this country, we are lost; we must attack and drive them off."

La Demoiselle was the moving spirit against the French. His town of Pickawillany on the Miami was the center of the trouble. The English traders gathered there, sometimes to the number of fifty or more. They instigated the savages against the French. The colonial minister, in France, sent new orders to drive the English out of that town and plunder them, which he thought would bring all troubles to an end. The French government of Canada, had charged Bienville, at Detroit, to make the attack; and charged him with insubordination, because he had not obeyed the command. Detroit was not strong enough to carry it out; and some militia was sent to him; but the Indians at the post would not assist.

In June, 1752, Charles de Langlade came down the river from La Baye, and leaped ashore at the picket fort of old Detroit. Following in his train of canoes were his painted warriors, ready for any adventure under his matchless leadership. These dusky friends of his were the Ottawa and Ojibwa from the vicinity of Michillimackinac, as called and known in those days, or Old Mackinaw.

His flowing jet black hair, piercing black eyes, tight-fitting buckskin hunting jacket and leggins,

exhibited his shapely limbs; and as he strode among his painted warriors, there was a confidence and spirit, bred of the woods, which would be a match in battle for a host of enemies.

Bienville now had the captain and man he longed for, and could obey the order of Versailles. Soon de Langlade was afloat with his men, all armed with clubs, bows and flint-pointed arrows or spears, while some of them had flintlock guns. The fleet of canoes sped over the glassy waters of Lake Erie on a momentous mission, to fight the first battle in that final contest, which involved England in the greatest war she ever had, and destined to lose to France the vast continent of nearly all North America. De Langlade was to fight today the first battle in the horrible French and Indian war; and the same redoubtable warrior was destined a decade later to surrender for his country, the vast valley of the Mississippi, western Canada and Louisiana, at his birthplace of Old Mackinaw, a territory which extended from mountain to mountain and from the Gulf of Mexico to the frozen regions of the north pole, in which a a century and a half later was to be the wheat field of the world, the commercial center of the earth.

De Langlade led his greased and feathered tribes in the fleet of canoes up the Maumee river to Raymond's French Fort, at the portage, where they beached their birch canoes, and took the trail southerly through the oak and maple woods

to attack Demoiselle at his village of Pickawillany, guarded by his English friends with their wooden picket fort. They came near the fort at nine o'clock in the morning of the twenty-first of June. We borrow Francis Parkman's description of the battle.

"The frightened squaws fled from the cornfields into the town where the wigwams of the Indians clustered about the fortified warehouse of the traders. Of these there were at the time only eight in the place. Most of the Indians also were gone on their summer hunt, though Demoiselle remained with a band of his tribesmen. Great was the screeching of war whoops and clatter of guns. Three of the traders were caught outside of the fort. The remaining five closed the gate, and stood on their defense. The fight was soon over. Fourteen Miamis were shot down. The Demoiselle among the rest. The five white men held out until the afternoon, when three of them surrendered, and two, Thomas Burney and Andrew McBryer, made their escape. One of the English prisoners being wounded, the victors stabbed him to death. Seventy years of missionaries had not weaned them from cannibalism, and they boiled and ate the Demoiselle."

The town was sacked and burned, the fort destroyed, the log houses of the traders burned, but not until the Ottawa had taken all their goods of knives, hatchets, beads, guns, powder, cloth,

wines and whiskey, which, however, they were not allowed to drink, as Langlade saw to it that all such fire-water which made the Indian mad was turned on the ground. Thus he became the first effective temperance society in Ohio.

The captured traders, plundered of everything, were carried by Langlade to Quebec, to Duquesne, who was then Governor, "who highly praised the bold leader of the enterprise, and recommended him to the Minister for such reward as befitted one of his station. As he is not in the Kings service, and has married a squaw, I will ask for him only a pension of two hundred francs which will flatter him infinitely."

The Marquis Duquesne, who had arrived only that summer, was sprung from a race of great naval commanders, and was unacquainted with the character of French people who held for France her vast domains of Canada and Louisiana. Charles de Langlade was even then in the Marine service of France and was married to an Indian woman according to the Indian rite, which was the custom of all the frontier men in those days. The son born of this union, was educated in Montreal, and was afterwards a captain under the English and fought for them in the Revolution and the war of 1812.

VI

CHARLES IS MARRIED TO A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH DAUGHTER OF THE OLD MACKINAW SETTLEMENT

WHEN Charles de Langlade was twenty-five he became enamored of a beautiful French maiden, living at Mackinaw. Her father was a retired voyageur. His name was Rene Bourossa, and her name was Charlotte Ambroisine. She was remarkably beautiful, having a slender figure, regular features, black hair and eyes, and a rare moral character, which secured general respect and made her a great favorite.

They were married in the little log and frame mission house at Old Mackinaw, on August 12, 1754. The marriage being solemnized by the Rev. Father le Franc, Jesuit Missionary, in the presence of fifteen witnesses who signed the marriage certificate, and doubtless many others. Among those present, was Captain Herbin, commandant of the post. Their honeymoon was a delightful canoe journey, around the northern end of Lake Michigan, whose wooded shores were richly tinted with autumn leaves; then past the little islands, surrounded by water so clear, one can see schools of fish at a hundred feet in depth, then down the gorgeous bay, where the sun sets in Italian skies, to the new home in La Baye, where wild flowers

garland the land all the summer, and wild birds fill the air with sweetest songs.

Everything in this free and easy life on the far frontier was enjoyable to the bride of the handsome athlete, Charles de Langlade, except the savages. She never could accustom her sensitive nerves to the presence of the denizens of the forests. She had a mortal fear of the Indians, though she had lived all her life among them. Hearing the tales told of savage treachery, by all incoming coureurs de bois and voyageurs in the fur trade, had instilled in her mind a horror of meeting a like death.

On one occasion some one circulated a scare that the hostile Indians were coming, when she ran to the next house and told the alarming news, then hid under a lumber pile. When she was found by her friends snugly stowed away, she was nearly dead with fright.

Their home was next to the store and connected by a doorway. One day a party of Menomonee Indians came into the store and all found seats except Packkaush, who, having no seat stood up against the counter near the door. On opening the door, and seeing him standing there, she thought he had come to scalp her, and grabbing a dull knife, she seized the Indian by the collar, screaming: "Packkausha, you rogue, you are a dead man." At the same time she tried to stab him, but the dull knife could not hurt him. All

the Indians roared with laughter. Her husband was there and he quietly told her to have no fear, no one would harm her, at which she retired to her room again.

When she would see a canoe of Indians coming over the river toward the house, she would open the door and exclaim in the most hopeless voice: "They are coming, they are coming, now we shall all be massacred." It was many years before she became used to the sight of the red man, though they lived all about them.

VII

DE LANGLADE IS GIVEN COMMAND OF THE NORTH-WEST SAVAGES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR. HE LEADS THEM TO FORT DUQUESNE

AUGUSTINE de Langlade seemed to have had martial ambition for his son, Charles, as he purchased for him a naval commission in the French marine, while he was yet a youth. But he seems never to have availed himself of its service, though many times during his life he commanded long fleets of bark canoes. The French had no ships on any of the inland lakes or rivers. He is designated in 1756 in the Mackinaw mission records, when he was twenty seven years of age, as "Squire and officer in the marine forces." The French colonial infantry were under the marine department of France, hence while they were land forces, they were known officially as of the marine.

When the French and Indian war commenced, he was a cadet at the military post of Old Mackinaw, and held the office of Agent to the western Indians for the Canadian Government, a position he was retained in under French and English rule until his death.

In the very interesting Memoirs of Augustin Grignon, written by Lyman C. Draper, that lover of the story of these thrilling days in the history of our country, has this to say of this period in the life of Charles de Langlade: "The French and Indian war opened a new field for his enterprising spirit. At the breaking out of this war he was but twenty-five years of age, in the prime of life and full of vigor and activity. He had been raised on the extreme frontier, and though half Indian, yet his educational advantages had been fair, and he has been for a number of years employed by the Government in the Indian Department. Thus he combined the skill and strategy of the border and Indian, and had much experience in Indian warfare from the tender age of ten, when he was with King Nissowaquet on the first war path."

The French and Indian war as known to history, was a war between the English and French, brought on to assert the claim of England to the country, east of the state of Pennsylvania, now made into the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and which was mostly claimed as a part of Virginia. It was fought with greater bitterness, because all Canada was Catholic, and the English colonies were Protestant; it resulted in the loss to France of all Canada and Louisiana, a vast domain she had held for one hundred and fifty years, part of which was twenty years later,

all that England saved from the American Revolution.

In this singularly bloody war, Charles de Langlade was an important officer of the French, and had his advice been taken in those exciting days, before Wolfe scaled the heights of Abraham, the history of Canada would have been written differently.

The French held undisputed, all the country north of the St. Lawrence, and had military posts along the Mississippi River, and on the Wabash and Illinois Rivers, and at Detroit, also below Niagara Falls, and at Presque Isle, now the City of Erie. About this time the French built a post at Venango, now Franklin, and on French Creek, in Pennsylvania, which empties into the Allegheny River sixty-five miles north of the present Pittsburgh. This fort was called by the French, Aux Beaufs, after the creek on which it stood. They were also intending to establish a post at the present site of the City of Pittsburgh. This chain of military posts on the west of the English settlements would give the French a safe way between their establishments at Quebec and the Ohio River, in the rear of the English colonists.

Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent George Washington, then a young surveyor, twenty-two years of age, with a letter of protest to the commander of the French post on French Creek or Aux Beaufs, a perilous and thrilling

wildwood journey, over mountains and across numerous streams, with a small escort of whites and savages. He departed on the 31st of October, 1753, from Williamsburg, then the capital of the Province, and on the 4th of December, arrived at the French stockade fort Venango, from which he was conducted to Aux Beaufs, to the commandant M. de St. Pierre, who entertained him with great politeness, and gave him a written answer. Washington, with his mechanical eye, took mental surveys and dimensions of the fort and surroundings. On his return, an Indian fired at him, and he was nearly drowned in crossing a stream. The letter contained a refusal to withdraw. The Virginians determined to protect the frontier, by the erection of a fort at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela. The party of thirty men, sent to erect the fort, had scarcely commenced their work, when they were driven from the ground by the French, who completed the work and named it Fort Duquesne, on the 18th day of April, 1754. This was on the site of the present very large city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A body of provincial troops under young Washington, marched toward the disputed territory. Hearing of the approach of an advance detachment of French under Jummonville, Washington prepared a surprise, and captured or killed the entire party, except one.

After erecting a small fort called Fort Necessity, in the mountains west of Cumberland, and receiving some reinforcements, Washington proceeded through the gloomy pine woods known as the "Shades of Death," with four hundred men, toward Fort Duquesne, but hearing of the advance of a large body of French and Indians under M. Coulon de Villers, he returned to Fort Necessity, where he was attacked by eight hundred of the enemy. After an obstinate resistance of ten hours in a heavy rainstorm, Washington capitulated July 4, 1754, and returned with his provincials. This de Villers, who "was of a fiery and impetuous, yet brave and prudent character, executing the most perilous enterprise, with the most daring intrepidity," was one of seven brave brothers schooled on the frontiers, six of whom lost their lives in these wars; one of whom was the M. de Jummonville, killed in the midnight battle with Washington mentioned above.

VIII

1755. DE LANGLADE LEADS HIS SAVAGE WARRIORS AGAINST BRADDOCK, AT THE MONONGAHELA, AND WINS THE CELEBRATED BATTLE.

IT having been seen by England that war was inevitable, early in 1755, General Braddock arrived from Ireland, with two regiments of British troops, with the authority of Commander-in-Chief of the British and Colonial forces. At a conference with the Colonial Governors in Virginia, three expeditions were determined upon; one against Niagara; one against Crown Point on Lake Champlain; and another against Fort Duquesne, to be commanded by General Braddock in person. It was with this expedition that de Langlade was concerned, and therefore we leave the wide territory of the other enterprise to be read in other histories.

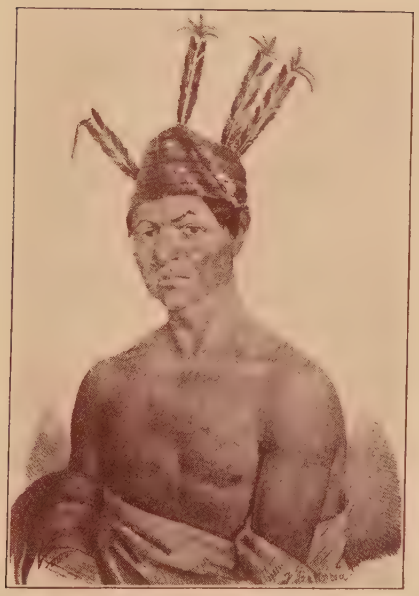
The fort at Duquesne, as constructed by the French was a stockade or picket fort, surrounding a few log buildings in which the commandant, Contrecoeur lodged, and barracks for a few soldiers, now occupied by about forty soldiers and five officers. There were about two hundred to four hundred French soldiers there most of the time, but most of these lodged in bark cabins outside the fort. It was carelessly guarded as

the gates were open and Indians had access to it at all times day and night.

It was said that a hundred determined rangers or Indians, could have easily seized the place. Though under proper guard it was a strong position, as protected on three sides by the deep wide waters of two great rivers, which at this point formed the Ohio. It was in a wild country, surrounded by mountains covered with a dense forest and almost inaccessible from the English colonies. No settlements were within many miles of the fort.

The French, inspired by the preparations made by England, sent out runners to warn the Canadians and post commanders at the distant posts of New France and Louisiana, to render such assistance as was possible, the coming summer of 1755, and to strengthen all the fortifications for the coming conflict.

"Such was the high standing and reputation of Sieur Charles de Langlade, his long experience in border service, his personal relationship to the powerful Ottawa, his thorough knowledge of their language, and that of the neighboring tribes, and his great influence over them, that he was at once pointed out to Vaudreuil, the Governor General of New France and Louisiana, as admirably fitted to head the partisan forces of border French and Indians of the great northwest in the terrible conflict about to commence," says Lyman C. Draper.



RATTLE SNAKE

Or Waa-kaun-see-kaa, a Winnebago chief, as painted by J. O. Lewis from life in 1825. The head dress is the true skin of a snake.

De Langlade held a commission in the naval service, and had been since March 28, 1750, a cadet in the French army under Captain Herbin at Old Mackinaw. He was given instructions to raise the tribes of the Northwest, and with such Canadian bourgeois, coureurs de bois, habitants, and rangers as could be interested in the initial campaign, to proceed to the defense of Fort Duquesne and the valley of the Ohio. As the traders and their men, those hardy woodsmen, and hunters, and the Indians, returned in the spring of 1755, from their winter hunting and fishing on the far away streams of the country, now known as Wisconsin and Michigan, they were advised of the coming war. Presents were distributed among the Indians, as from Onontio, as they called the Governor of Canada. Their services were enlisted, and they promised to go on the war-path for their friends and defenders. The Ottawas with a powerful band of possibly two hundred warriors were led by their proud chief, Nissowaquet, whose village was about thirty miles from Old Mackinaw down the Michigan shore, at L'Arbre Croche, in present State of Michigan. The Ottawa had been called "The savages of savages." The Winnebago had their village on Doty Island, now City of Menasha, Wisconsin, thirty-five miles up the Fox River from La Baye. Here Sebrevoir de Carrie, a retired French officer, had married the Queen of the tribe, "Glory

of the Morning." There were possibly one hundred of this tribe, who took the war-path for Fort Duquesne, either under DeCarrie himself, or some of their chiefs. They were a fierce, brave, fearless race, descended from the warlike Sioux of the Plains.

The Menomonee were then at Old Kings Village, across the river from the de Langlade home, at La Baye, and led by the brave Old Carron, a half blood, and the Old King, a brave, kind hearted savage, then in his prime, about one hundred warriors donned the war paint. The few Pottawattamies who listened to de Langlade's call, were led by Quenamek and Mikisable, their war chiefs. They had their villages then, about the lower end of Lake Michigan. Some Chippewas, brother of the Ottawa, and doubtless some Sac and Fox, excited by the prospect of plunder and rapine, joined this dusky throng on their way to unhorse Braddock and send him to an unmarked and dishonored grave. It is said that Pontiac was of the party. Among the Creole colony of La Baye who were led by de Langlade into this conflict, was his brother-in-law, Souligny; the brave Gautier de Verville, who became a hero of this long war. Pierre Querat or Caree was a valiant companion in arms; Amable de Gere or La Rose, a brave and devoted follower, with La Fortune, a French trader, with an Ottawa wife, and who was a splendid shot; and those

other hunters, sharp-shooters and borderers, La Choisie, Louis Hamelin, Macard and many others, inured to hardships and perils.

As fast as these bands were ready they gathered their canoes and sped over the waters of Lake Michigan and Huron, past Detroit and through Lake Erie to the French post at the present City of Erie; whence Langlade led them over the hills and through the woods to the little fort Duquesne at the head of the Ohio, where they were soon destined to make important history. With them there were also the Hurons or Wyandots of Lake Huron.

Langlade's motley throng of savages, about four or five hundred, with his border partisans arrived at Fort Duquesne about the 1st of July, 1755.

About thirty days before General Braddock had commenced his fatal march from Fort Cumberland, at the present site of the City of Cumberland, in Maryland, and had arrived near the site of Fort Necessity, where Washington was defeated the previous year.

General Braddock was a very brave man. He did not know what fear was. He once had a duel. As they were going to engage, his opponent offered him his purse, saying: "Braddock, you are a poor dog, here take my purse; if you kill me, you will be forced to run away, and have not a shilling." Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed and would not even

ask for his life. He had a sister who gamed away all her fortune at Bath and hung herself. When Braddock was told of it, he only said: "Poor Fanny, I always thought she would play till she would be forced to tuck herself up."

He was appointed to the position of General-in-Chief in America, because he had been forty years in the Guards, "that school of exact discipline," and he was supposed to have the ability to make soldiers of the "raw recruits in America." But his experience was that of routine, and he could not overcome the difficulties of a wild wilderness and Indian warfare. There were no roads, and he was obliged to make them to transport his train of baggage and artillery, which so encumbered his march that he could move only a few miles each day. It took several weeks to find horses enough to move his array; and flour, provisions and horse feed were very scarce in this new country. He rode in a lumbering chariot until he was obliged to abandon it; and it required one hundred and twenty-five horses to move the personal baggage of the officers. The baggage train was four miles long. All this seems ridiculous, when it is known, the savage and borderer, under de Langlade, wore only breeches and hunting shirt, some of them carrying a blanket for night use. They had their guns and spears, but no baggage train or baggage, nor horses, and could travel through forest and over mountains many miles in a single day.

Washington, who had accepted as a volunteer the appointment as Aid on the staff of the General, had urged the difficulty of transporting so many unnecessary things; but Braddack had only smiled at his ignorance of military movements. The Cherokees and Catawbas had been induced to take up the hatchet for the English; but after assembling became restless by the long delays, and all deserted. Captain Jack, the famous hunter and Indian fighter of the Juniata, with his borderer band of hardy hunters, in buckskin blouses and gun ever ready; who slept like the children of the forest, with one eye open; who were worth on this expedition all the British army, volunteered their services as scouts without pay, and to find their own. "They required no shelter for the night. They ask no pay," writes Croghan, the veteran frontier trader. "The band had become famous for its exploits, and was a terror to the Indians," says Irving. When the band came to report to Braddock, he received them insolently, saying he "had experienced troops, on whom he could completely rely for all purposes." The brave, wild woods band silently disappeared into the woods again and left Braddock to his fate. Often in the kindest manner young Washington had urged on Braddock the propriety of permitting the provincials, who were acquainted with the methods of savage warfare, to scout out on the advance of the line;

but the old General could not be told anything new about war; his "trained British soldier did not require the assistance of raw recruits." Before starting out Braddock was outlining to Benjamin Franklin how, when he had taken Duquesne, he would go at once to Niagara, and having taken that fort, proceed to Frontenac (now Kingston in Canada). Franklin replied: "If you arrive well before the fort, you ought to take it; but the danger I apprehend is from ambuscade of the Indians, who are dexterous in laying and executing them. Your slender line four miles long will expose it to attack on the flanks and to be cut like thread into several pieces, which from their distance cannot come up in time to support each other." Franklin reports his reply as: "He smiled at my ignorance," and replied: "These savages may indeed be a formidable enemy to the raw American militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, Sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." Braddock set out from Fort Cumberland with his cumbersome army of 1,600 men straggling along three or four miles in extended line, on the 10th of June, 1755, dragging heavily laden wagons and artillery up the steep and rugged new cut roads, over the hills, through dense dark forests, over two mountains, and on the 16th of June was at "Little Meadows." He had now become aware of the difference between campaigning in

a new country, and the well beaten battle grounds of Europe. Now of his own accord he asked advice of young Washington, who replied, that the present was a splendid opportunity to strike an effective blow at Fort Duquesne, which might be lost by delay. The garrison was weak, reinforcements on the way would be delayed by the low water in the Allegheny River. The blow must be struck before they could arrive. He therefore advised him to leave the baggage, and stores, and all cumbrous appurtenances of the army, and push on with the choicest troops. His advice was accepted. Twelve hundred selected men pushed on with their stores on pack horses. Colonel Dunbar was left to follow with the heavy baggage, stores and munitions. But the officers still clung to their extra equipment and Braddock was so inexperienced in this sort of movement, where every difficulty should be "met in a rough and ready style." "I found," said Washington, "that instead of pushing on with vigor, they were halting to level every molehill and erect bridges over every brook, by which means, we were four days in getting twelve miles."

The French commandant had sent out Le Sieur de la Perade with a scouting party of French and Indians, who watched every movement of the English army, and sent messages constantly to the fort, detailing its number and progress. They hovered about the outskirts of the long march,

watching to capture or kill those who strayed without the lines. They often camped on the line of march.

Near the Youghiogheny River, Braddock's advance came on to their deserted camp. They judged it had contained about one hundred and fifty warriors. Some of the trees had been stripped and painted with threats, bravadoes, and scurrilous taunts, written on them in French, by which they knew white men were in the scouting party.

Five days before this, while Chief Scarooyadi and his son, who were among a small band of savages still remaining with Washington, were at a short distance from the British line of march, they were captured by the French and Indians. The son escaped to his warriors, who hastened to revenge him, but found the chief tied to a tree. The French had wanted to shoot him, but the Indians would not permit it. On the 25th of June, three men who ventured beyond the sentinels were shot and scalped, and parties were sent out to scour the woods.

The great Savage Mountains had now been passed, and also the great black pine forests known as the "Shades of Death." This days march passed by the Great Meadows and the site of Fort Necessity, where Colonel Washington was captured the previous year. Several Indians were seen hovering in the woods, and the light

horse and Indian allies were sent out to surround them, but did not succeed. In crossing the mountains beyond the Great Meadows the cannon carriages had to be lowered by blocks and rope. The camp for the night was two miles beyond Fort Necessity. The French scouts on a reconnoiter were fired on by the advance sentinels.

On the following day there was a tiresome march of only four miles, by a very rough road. The night halt was on another Indian camp which had been strongly posted on a high rock, with a steep, narrow ascent. It had a spring in the middle and stood at the termination of the Indian path to the Monongehela, by which came the party who the year before had attacked Colonel Washington.

The Indians and French had but just left this camp as their fires were still burning. They had written their names on some of the trees, with insulting and bravado remarks, designating the scalps they had taken two days before. Those sent out to follow them in the night, had no success. "In fact it was the Indian boast, that throughout this march of Braddock, they saw him every day, from the mountains, and expected to be able to shoot down his soldiers like pigeons," says Irving.

The march continued to be toilsome and laborious. One day they made only two miles, cutting a passage over a mountain. The evidence of the

presence of the enemy caused an order to be issued for drawing the charges in cleaning their guns, not to fire it off, and no fires in front of pickets. At night guns must be taken into the tents, the guards were double, relieving each other every two hours at night.

On July 4th they camped at Thicketty Run. The country was more level and the pine woods more open about thirty miles south of Fort Duquesne. The General prevailed on some of the Indians and Christopher Gist, the famous scout, to reconnoiter the fort. They were close to the place and reported no new works. The Indians caught a French officer without the works and scalped him. None of the passes between the camp and the fort were occupied. Gist had been seen and pursued by two Indians, barely escaping with his life. On the same day during the march, four men, loitering in the rear of the grenadiers, were killed and scalped. Several grenadiers set off to take revenge. They came upon a party of Indians who held up green boughs and grounded their arms in sign of friends, but the grenadiers fired on them killing the son of their friendly chief Scarooyadi. They brought the body to camp and Braddock made the customary presents of condolence, and buried the youth with the honors of war.

General Braddock had now consumed a month in marching about one hundred miles, to the sur-

prise and disappointment of friends in America and Europe. Horace Walpole wrote, that the Duke of Brunswick "is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped." The army was now at the Monongehela, on the same side of the river as the fort, but was confronted by a high mountain, through which the river had cut a passage, and to get to the other side of the mountain they crossed the river, traversed through the pass on the opposite side, and then must recross at the other side of the mountain, and beyond Turtle Creek to gain the same side within ten miles of the fort. Colonel Gage was to take the advance, with Captain Horatio Gates of the Virginia provincials, on the 9th of July, to cross the fords in advance to protect the army. With him there were two companies of grenadiers and one hundred and sixty infantry, with two six pounder cannon. Colonel Washington, fearing for the regulars, as being unused to bush fighting, suggested the Virginia rangers and sharpshooters, being accustomed to Indian warfare, might be thrown in advance, which drew an angry reply from the General, indignant that so young a provincial officer should presume to school a veteran like himself. A party of sixty savages rushed out at Colonel Gage as his men marched over the second ford, but were quickly put to flight.

"By sunrise the main body turned out in full uniform. At the beating of 'the general' their arms which had been cleaned the night before were charged with fresh cartridges. The officers were perfectly equipped. All looked as if arrayed for a fete, rather than a battle." This day they were to march on Fort Duquesne. Washington who was very weak from a prolonged fever, mounted his horse, joining the General's staff. "As it was supposed the enemy would be on the watch for the crossing of the troops, it had been agreed that they should do it in the greatest order, with bayonets fixed, colors flying and drums beating and fifes playing. They made a gallant appearance as they forded the Monongehela and wound along its banks, through the open forests, gleaming and glittering in the morning sunshine, and stepping buoyantly to the 'Grenadier's March,' in high confidence and bright array, on the eve of a battle."

Fort Duquesne as now improved, was solidly built and strong, as compared with other wooden French posts. The front was of squared logs, filled in with earth ten feet thick; and the river sides protected by a heavy stockade of logs, set on end in the ground, twelve feet high. The armament consisted of a number of small cannon mounted on bastions. They fired an iron ball, about three inches in diameter. In front there was a deep ditch. The area within was sur-

rounded with the barracks of the soldiers, officers quarters, the house of the commandant, the guard house, all built of logs and lumber. The forest had been cleared away for a distance in front and the stumps cut to the ground. Here bark cabins had been set up for the Canadians and soldiers, who could not find room within the enclosure. The cleared space was also planted to Indian corn and peas. The garrison now consisted of about three hundred regular French troops, who had been sent to its defence, with about one hundred and fifty Canadian militia. Contrecueur was in command. Under him were three captains, Beaujeu, Dumas, Ligneris. There were also, "eight hundred Indian warriors mustered from far and near," says Francis Parkman, who, "had built their wigwams and camp-sheds on the open ground, or under the edge of the neighboring woods—very little to the advantage of the young corn."

"Some were baptized savages settled in Canada—Caughnawagas from Saut St. Louis, Abenakis from St. Francis, and Hurons from Lorette, whose chief bore the name of Anastase, in honor of that Father of the Church. The rest were unmitigated heathen—Pottawattamies and Ojibwas from the northern lakes under Charles de Langlade, the same bold partisan who had led them, three years before, to attack the Miamis at Pickawillany; Shawanoes and Mingoes from the

Ohio; and Ottawas from Detroit commanded, it is said, by that most redoubtable of savages, Pontiac. The law of the survival of the fittest had wrought on this heterogeneous crew through countless generations; and with the primitive Indian, the fittest were the hardiest, fiercest, most adroit and most wily. Baptized and heathen alike, they had just enjoyed a diversion greatly to their taste. A young Pennsylvanian named James Smith, a spirited and intelligent boy of eighteen, had been waylaid by three Indians on the western borders of the province, and led captive to the fort. When the party came to the edge of the clearing, his captors, who had shot and scalped his companion, raised the scalp yell; whereupon a din of responsive whoops and firing of guns rose from all the Indian camps, and their inmates swarmed out like bees, while the French in the fort shot off muskets and cannon to honor the occasion. The unfortunate boy, the object of this obstreperous rejoicing, presently saw a multitude of savages, naked, hideously bedaubed with red, blue, black and brown, and armed with sticks or clubs, ranging themselves in two long, parallel lines between which he was told that he must run, the faster the better, as they would beat him all the way. He ran with his best speed, under a shower of blows, and had nearly reached the end of the course, when he was knocked down. He tried to rise, but was blinded

by a handful of sand thrown into his face; and then they beat him till he swooned. On coming to his senses, he found himself in the fort, with the surgeon opening a vein in his arm, and a crowd of French and Indians looking on. In a few days he was able to walk with the help of a stick; and, coming out from his quarters one morning, he saw a memorable scene.

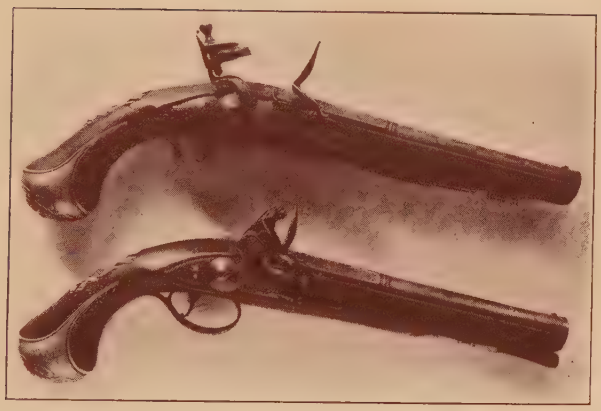
In his fort sat Contrecoeur, disconsolate and discouraged. He had received daily reports of the elegant soldier like array of the English army, as it slowly but surely, came over the mountains and wound through the defiles. His scouts watching from the mountain top and forests cover, had seen its long, endless gleam of red coated, splendid grenadiers, drilled in the Colechester Guards, marching slowly but surely to their destruction, and had reported them as three thousand in number, with cannon and guns. Now the English were at the Monongahela. He knew he could not withstand this gallant army. He did not know which was preferable, to abandon the fort at once and make the best of his opportunity to retreat, or remain and propose an honorable surrender. The hopeless cause of the French, was as well known to his officers as to the commander of Fort Duquesne.

On the eighth, the brothers Normanville went out, and reported the English within six leagues of the fort. The French were in great excitement

and alarm, but Contrecoeur at length took a resolution probably inspired by de Langlade, to meet the enemy on the march and ambuscade them if possible at the crossing of the Monongahela. Beaujeu was given the command. He received the communion as did all of the detachment, and prepared to depart early in the morning, (July 9th, 1755). Open barrels of gunpowder and bullets were set before the gates. James Smith, the captive Pennsylvania boy described above, "painfully climbing the ramparts with the help of his stick, looked down on the warrior rabble, as huddling together, wild with excitement, they scooped up the contents to fill their powder horns and pouches; then band after band, filed off along the forest track that led to the ford of the Monongahela."

"They numbered six hundred and thirty-seven; and with them went thirty six French officers and cadets, seventy-two regular soldiers, and a hundred and forty-six Canadians, or about nine hundred in all. At eight o'clock the tumult was over. The broad clearing lay lonely and still, and Contrecoeur, with what was left of the garrison, waited with suspense for the issue."

Francis Parkman says, it was near one o'clock when Braddock crossed the Monongahela for the second time; Washington Irving says, it was two o'clock. Braddock had expected that if the French made a stand it would be at the last ford-



De Langlade's Ivory-Handled, Silver-Mounted Flint Lock Pistols

From photograph kindly furnished by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaits, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, where they are deposited.

ing place and had therefore sent Lieutenant-Colonel Gage across in advance with a strong detachment. Francis Parkman asks: "Why had not de Beaujeu defended the ford?" This was his intention in the morning; some one has made the excuse for him that three hundred of his Indians had gone off in another direction, and did not return for several hours. Parkman after stating this report says: "Hence perhaps it was that, having left Fort Duquesne at eight o'clock, he spent half the day marching seven miles and was more than a mile from the fording place when the British reached the eastern shore. The delay from whatever cause arising, cost him the opportunity of laying an ambush either at the ford or in the gullies and ravines, that channelled the forest through which Braddock was now on the point of marching."

Back there in the forest the brave de Beaujeu stood paralyzed by the magnitude of the task before him. The Canadian militia were an uncertain factor then. The Indians might stand or run, he could not be certain of which. The seventy-two regulars of the French army were all the men he could depend on to meet that trained army of the English, and the enemy had cannon, and he had none. But there was one among that party who led a band of painted savages, though gathered from many miles apart, who was certain what they would do.

Charles de Langlade was in command of his western savages, who had been scouting and prowling about the English line, for plunder and information, during the week that he had been in camp. He kept his savages busy as the only way to hold them up to their duty. He had sent out runners and called them all up and led them on the march with de Beaujeu, on the orders he had daily expected, to ambush the English. But now was the last moment and no order came. When noon arrived and Braddock's army was divided on both sides of the river, he rushed to de Beaujeu and asked to be ordered to attack at once.

De Beaujeu hesitated. "If you intend to fight," de Langlade exclaimed, "it must be now or never." De Beaujeu made no reply. He did not know what to do.

"I came here to fight," exclaimed de Langlade; "my savages are ready, they see the chance, the only chance to ambush that splendid array with success. We all know we are no match for them in the open, with our few French soldiers and the Indians. They outnumber us. We must ambush them while they are divided."

Captain de Beaujeu had been sent out to attack the enemy, if possible. He felt it was useless to attempt any defense of the passes of the river. Charles de Langlade was made of different metal. He believed in making the most of their opportunity. He knew the enemy were unused to the

Indian war-fare, and besides were tired with their strenuous march. He believed there was a possibility of success, in a vigorous, determined fight, under cover of the forests. He rushed over to the chiefs of his savage bands, and got them to go at once to de Beaujeu and demand to be led to fight. That was what they came for. He should fight while the army of the enemy was divided. But de Beaujeu was still undecided, and would not give the order.

In the meantime, their brilliant grenadiers had reached the second ford. To slope the ba nks or the passage of the artillery and baggage required until one o'clock. The army rested for dinner. At one o'clock the English crossed over the second ford to join Gates, with drums beating, fifes playing as before. When all were over there was a halt to reform near Frazier's Run. The advance was under Gage, preceded by the engineers and guides, and six light horsemen. Then came Sir John St. Clair and the working party with their wagons and two six-pounders. On each side were four flanking parties. Then at some distance the general was to follow with the main body. The artillery and baggage were preceded, and flanked by light horse, and squads of infantry, while the Virginians and other provincial troops were to form the rear guard. The ground before them was level for half a mile from the river, when it rose to hills covered with long grass, bushes and trees on the hillside.

On the right was the high mountain covered with trees, and on the left, ravines and hills concealed by forest. The clear space before them was the road twelve feet wide made by the sappers.

When the Indian Chiefs returned to Charles de Langlade without success in urging Captain de Beaujeu to order the ambush, he ran through the woods to the place where the Captain was, and urged him again to give the order at once. If he waited until after the English had finished their dinner, and joined their comrades on this side of the river, their chance of success would be very small.

Captain de Beaujeu still hesitated. But de Langlade vehemently urged him to order the fight to begin. He exclaimed: "If we are going to fight, we must do it while the English not suspecting danger, have laid aside their arms, or when they are fording the river, for they are superior in number and it would be useless to waste our lives in the open country."

At last the urgency of de Langlade's appeal, seemed to affect him. He bounded up and said: "All right, Sieur de Langlade, get the Chiefs into ambush as quickly as possible," and ordered the French with him to charge down the hill and strike the front end of the thin line of the red coats. Away they all scattered to their places. The savages formed along the hills on the side

and the French charged the front. The English had all crossed the river, but had not completely formed the main line. Had General Braddock understood the Indian and French backwoods method of fighting, he would have learned something from all the advice he had received from the most experienced bush-fighter on the frontier. He would have adopted the advice of young Washington, which he so imperiously rejected. He would have filled the woods with the Provincials, Rangers and Indians as scouting parties. But he caused his troops to march forward through the level and those in the lead had begun to march up the hill, "as if in review in St. James Park."

It was now two o'clock, and while Charles de Langlade had made every effort to bring on the engagement at the ford, the English were now well in hand to withstand any attack of the French if they had been under the proper officer for this border contest.

De Langlade did not know the real weakness of the English, and now made the onslaught from the dense woods with small hope of success.

His savages began to fire as soon as they came near enough to the English flank, and the painted savages swiftly ran through the forest, keeping out of sight and covering the half mile of the English line, filling the woods, so that behind every tree was a sharp shooter. Every savage

shot to kill. Their awful war-whoop rang out on the mountain side. The fierce savage growl of the bear came from the Ottawa; mingled with the blood curdling screech of the Winnebago, imitating the panther of Wisconsin; mingled with the venomous cries of the Menomonee; the treacherous scream of the Pottawattamies; and the long wail of revenge from the Wyandots.

These sounds came down in torrents on the line of grenadiers as if the woods were filled with all the wild beasts; the sounds that would freeze the blood of the bravest men. The English fought as best they could in their narrow lane. Their fire directed at the woods did no harm, as they could discover no foe.

Their cannon, directed too high, shot off limbs of trees, which falling did more harm to the lurking savages than the bullets or shot of the red coats.

De Beaujeu led his small band of French Canadians down the hill with a yell of defiance and triumph. An engineer, out in advance staking out the line for the road choppers, looking up, saw a man in buckskin garments bounding down the hill in advance. He was followed by a borderer throng of skull-capped, moccasined, merry rangers.

Stopping to turn about, the engineer saw de Beaujeu swing his cap in the air, and the brave men of his little band divided and hurried down

with him. They fired swift and sure, never missing their enemy or his horse. The brave de Beaujeu soon fell in the front, mortally wounded. The next in rank, Dumas, took command. But these men had only to shoot down the enemy in the open, while they were ranged behind trees and fallen logs. De Langlade rushed everywhere, inspiring his savages to keep up to the front and follow every advantage, not to waste powder, nor miss a shot. The shooting, the yelling, the war-whoop, the confusion, would strike terror to the bravest heart. General Braddock was about to follow with the main body and had given the word to march, when he heard the first firing in the front, as the Winnebago swung into line on the right flank.

Washington, who was with the General surmised the evil apprehended, had at last come to pass. Braddock ordered Colonel Burton to hasten to the assistance of the vanguard with eight hundred men. The residue of four hundred were posted near the river bank to protect the artillery and baggage.

"The firing continued with fearful yelling. There was a terrible uproar." The General finding the turmoil increased, spurred forward. After de Beaujeu fell, at the third volley, the greater part of the Canadian militia gave way in confusion and abandoned the field, but the savages with their unearthly screeching continued to

send from the trees a murderous fire. The Indian rifle was leveled by unseen hands, but directed by the clear, cool brain of Charles de Langlade.

The grenadiers were falling like autumn leaves. They were cut down without a chance of fighting, slaughtered like pigeons. Most of the grenadiers and most of the pioneers were shot down on the advance of Burton's men. Colonel Gage ordered his men to fix bayonets and form in line of battle, they did so in hurry and trepidation, but no amount of urging could induce them to scale the hillside forest, on the right, where the savage yell and constant crack of the rifle pointed the way to the enemy. The demoniac screeching and puffs of smoke marked the site of the most numerous attacking party. The English fired where they saw the smoke, but their shot only lost itself in some moss clad tree of the forest. The officers in vain tried to restrain their fire until they beat up the bush and saw the foe. Their orders were unheeded. In their fright and desperation they shot at random, killing their own men as they came running past to get into the fight. "The covert fire grew more intense" as the savages rushed to the line, adding more guns to those now rapidly filling the ground with fallen English. Colonel Gage was wounded. The advance fell back on Sir John St. Clair's Corps, which was equally dismayed. The smoke, the savage war-whoop, the sharp rapidity of the unerring

rifle, quickened the carnage, as the French a few Canadians and savages saw a partial success of their ambush. De Langlade ran up and down, cheering his men, calling to them to keep it up thick and fast, to yell, to shoot, shoot and yell, they had them on the run. The ground was covered with dead and wounded English, dead horses and abandoned cannons. As the English surged back on to each other, the quick witted savages moved sideways toward the river also, but never ceased to yell and fire. The cannon was deserted. Colonel Burton came up with reinforcements and was forming to face his men up the hill on the right, when the survivors of both the advance detachments fell back upon him, and all was confusion.

General Braddock was now in the thick of the battle. He tried to rally his men. The colors were advanced to different places to separate the regiments. The officers were ordered to form the men in small divisions and advance with them; but the soldiers could not be prevailed upon, either by threats or entreaties, to face that awful hell of pandemonium broke loose in the dark woods.

The Virginian troops accustomed to the Indian mode of fighting scattered themselves behind trees, whence they could pick off the lurking foe, and in this way gave some small protection to the regulars. Washington told Braddock to order his men behind trees, but he persisted in

forming them in platoons, as if fated for slaughter, and they were cut down by their concealed foe as fast as they advanced. Some took to the trees without orders but the general stormed at them, called them cowards and even struck them with the flat of his sword. Several of the Virginians who had taken post behind the trees were killed by the regulars, who fired wherever they saw smoke behind a tree. The British officers and men behaved bravely, "exposing themselves to imminent death, with a courage that kindled with the thickening horrors." They would dash forward singly or in groups in the vain hope of recovering abandoned cannon. They were shot down by the forest bred sharpshooters of de Langlade. The Indians aimed at every one on horseback, or who appeared to command. Many were killed by their own men in the conflict. Those in front were shot by those in the rear. Between the friend and foe, the slaughter of the officers was terrible.

"All this time the woods rang and re-echoed with the savage war-whoop, unearthly yells. Now and then one of them, hideously painted, half naked and ruffled with eagle feathers, would rush from covert, scalp an officer and disappear as swiftly as he came," says Irving. "I cannot describe the horror of that scene, no pen can do it. The yell of the Indians is fresh in my ears, and the terrific sound will haunt me till the hour of

my death," wrote one of Braddock's officers, three weeks after.

The brave Washington, though very weak from long fever, was early in the fight, left by the fall of Orme and Morris, the brother aids, the only aid of Braddock, with the whole duty of carrying the general's orders. His danger was incessant. He was in every part of the field, a mark for the murderous rifle. Two horses were shot under him. Four bullets passed through his coat, but he escaped without a wound. At one time he was sent to the main body to bring the artillery into action. All there was confusion and the Indians extended along the flank, protected by a slight ravine covered by bush and trees from which they pointed their death dealing fire into the ranks.

Sir Peter Halket was shot down at the head of his regiment. The men who should have served the guns were paralyzed. Had they even raked the ravines and woods with grape shot, with the guns properly trained, the battle might have been won. In his ardor Washington sprang from his horse, wheeled and pointed a brass cannon himself and directed an effective charge into the woods; but neither his efforts nor example availed to restore the confidence of the terrorized regulars. They would not move the guns. Braddock still remained in the center of the field in the desperate hope of saving the day. The Virginia rangers, who had been most effective in covering

his position, had been mostly killed or wounded. His secretary, Shirley, had fallen by his side, most of his officers had been slain within his sight. Five horses had been killed under Braddock, still he remained trying to check the flight of the grenadiers or effect their retreat in order.

At length a bullet passed through his right arm and lodged in his lungs. He fell from his horse, but was caught by Captain Stewart, of the Virginia guards, and placed in a tumbril. With much difficulty they moved him out of the field. In his despair he asked them to leave him.

The rout was now complete. The wounded, Braddock's papers, the military chest, baggage, stores and artillery which was so laboriously dragged over the mountains for these many long days, was all abandoned. The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and fled. The remaining officers were swept off the field in the headlong flight of terrified men, rendered more precipitous by the awful yell of triumph of de Langlade's savages as they began to pour into the open, pursuing the fugitives to the river side, killing and scalping, as the insanely terrified British dashed in a jam of confusion into the water. Fortunately for the survivors, de Langlade was not aware of the completeness of the defeat or scarcely a man would have survived to tell the tale of dishonor.

The shattered army continued its flight, after crossing, a wretched wreck of the brilliant force that a few hours before gleamed along its banks. Out of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed and thirty-six wounded. Of the rank and file upwards of seven hundred were killed. Some companies had been entirely annihilated. One company had lost all its officers even to the corporal. The battle lasted about three hours.

One small faithful band still remained a gleam of hope. They were a hundred brave fellows, a quarter of a mile from the ford. Here was Braddock with his wounded aids and some other wounded officers. Dr. Craik was attending the brave old veteran general who was still giving orders. Washington was there doing what he could to restore order. It might have been a rally point for a last stand, if fright had not so thoroughly demoralized the men. Colonel Burton was there, and posted out sentinels. But none came to their aid, and within an hour most of those who remained had stolen away.

Being thus deserted, Braddock and his party took up their flight with the rest. They were subsequently joined by Colonel Gage with eighty men, whom he had rallied. Washington was sent to Colonel Dunbar's camp to hurry forward provisions and hospital stores, but terror had seized the camp as tidings of the defeat was brought in by fugitives on horseback from the fatal field,

crying: "All is lost. Braddock is killed. The troops were all cut to pieces." Panic fell on this camp. The drums beat to arms. Many took to flight, some were forced back by the sentinels. Washington secured the supplies and escort. On his return, at thirty miles, he met Gage escorting General Braddock and his wounded officers. Captain Stewart and a small remnant of surviving Virginian guards still remained with their general.

There was a halt of one day at Dunbar's camp for the repose of the wounded. On the 13th, they resumed their march and that night reached the "Great Meadows." Braddock only said, "Who would have thought it." It is said he admitted to Washington he should have taken his advice to scout the woods. Here he died near Fort Necessity, and was buried before break of day, five days after this historic defeat. He was reproached for the failure of the magnificent expedition by "his obstinacy, his technical pedantry and military conceit," yet his conduct on that fatal day proved him to have been a man of fearless spirit.

Dunbar arrived at Fort Cumberland with the remnant of the army, but terrorstricken he left a few guards for the wounded and continued his flight to the settlements, leaving the whole frontier exposed. "The affair of Braddock remains a memorable event in American history, and has

been characterized as the most extraordinary victory ever obtained and furtherest flight ever made."

It struck a fatal blow to deference for British prowess, and was, says Franklin, the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

Now to return to the bloody field. As the English were beaten back and made their precipitate and disordered flight, the French with de Langlade's savages pursued them, but not expecting such a complete rout and fearing to be drawn, themselves, into an ambuscade, they retraced their steps. The French had not lost thirty men. By the French accounts it is recorded that the English lost as counted by them, six hundred dead on the field of battle, four hundred on the retreat and three hundred along a small stream. Their wounded were abandoned and all their baggage, powder, ball and artillery, and most of their horses, some of which became the ancestors of the wild horses of the plains.

De Langlade exerted his great influence to keep the savages from killing with their tomahawks and spears the wounded redcoats, but despite all his efforts many of the poor fellows were dispatched and scalped. His first care after the battle was won, was to give orders for a careful search of the baggage and destroy all the liquors of which there was great quantity, to prevent it

falling into the hands of the savages. The savages had a vast amount of booty. They put on the hats and coats of the grenadiers and all of them secured good guns. The French and Canadians secured sums of money and gold and silver. It is said the surprise was so complete that a number of the dead officers were found with napkins on their necks as having been frightened from their noon meal by the sudden attack. After sacking the baggage and obtaining all the booty they could carry away, de Langlade led his Indian contingent into a safe place for the camp.

In the search for plunder by the French who followed Charles de Langlade, one La Choisie, a young man of much enterprise and promise, discovered the body of an English officer richly dressed; and one Phillip de Rocheblave saw it almost at the same moment; but La Choisie managed to secure his well filled purse. His companion claimed part of the prize, and they parted in anger. The next morning young La Choisie was found assassinated, and his purse of gold was missing. It was strongly suspected at the time who did the murderous deed.

Pouchot, an officer of the French, said: "The battle of Monongahela was the fiercest and most glorious in which savages ever engaged, and to them we ought to give the glory of it owing to their unerring aim." De Peyster refers to de Langlade as the "French officer who had been instru-

mental in defeating General Braddock." Colonel Thomas Auburey, an officer under General Burgoyne in 1777, refers to de Langlade as "the person who at the head of the tribe which he now commands, planned and executed the defeat of General Braddock." General Burgoyne himself says: "And of M. de Langlade the very man who with these tribes projected and executed Braddock's defeat."

We repeat these remarks as explaining the general understanding among the British and French army as to who was the real hero of the famous historic battle. The officers in higher command often have the credit, where the real hero of lower rank is not mentioned.

It was here on this bloody field that the tribes gave their dauntless leader the title which he bore ever after, "A ke wau ge ke tau sa," or "Military Conquerer." The literal translation of the Indian words are, "He who is fierce for the land." This Indian talk has also been spelled, "Au ke win ge ke tau so," or "Defender of his country."

But the name by which he was always known after this battle by the Menomonee was, "Bravest of the Brave."

Parkman says of the close of the battle: "Dumas and Ligneris, who had now only about twenty French men with them, made no attempt to pursue and went back to the fort, because, says Con-

trecoeur, so many of the Canadians, had retired at the first fire. The field abandoned to the savages, was a pandemonium of pillage and murder." And in another place he says: "Whatever may have been the conduct of the Canadian militia, the French officers behaved with the utmost courage, and shared with the Indians the honor of victory. The partisan chief, Charles de Langlade, seems also to have been especially prominent."

Back in the fort, James Smith, the young prisoner mentioned before, and who afterward wrote a narrative of his experience, had waited with anxiety all day the result of the battle. He says: "In the afternoon, I again observed a great noise and commotion in the fort, and, though at that time I could not understand French, I found it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news. I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch; as I spoke Dutch, I went to one of them and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner had just arrived who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English; and if they did not take to the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man alive before sun down. Some time after this, I heard a number of scalp halloos, and saw a com-

pany of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great number of bloody scalps, grenadier's caps, British canteens, bayonets, etc. with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians; and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps. After this came another company with a number of wagon-horses, and also a great many scalps. Those who were coming in and those who had arrived, kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters so that it appeared to me as though the infernal regions had broke loose. About sun down, I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked; these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of Allegheny River, opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men; they had him tied to a stake, and kept touching him with firebrands, red hot irons, etc., and he screaming in a most doleful manner, the Indians in the meantime yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I returned to my lodging, both sore and sorry."

Among the French, three officers were killed and four wounded; all but four of the regular soldiers escaped unharmed. Only five Canadians were hurt. "The Indians who won the victory bore the principal loss," says Parkman. The Canadian Indians lost twenty-seven killed. No report of loss is made for the western tribes. All these latter left for home the next day, leaving the commandant to fear the English might recover and attack his small force, so little did he know of the completeness of the route of Braddock's proud array.

IX

1756. APPOINTED COMMANDANT OF GRAND RIVER. IS MADE ENSIGN OF INFANTRY. STATIONED AT DUQUESNE. ORDERED ON A SCOUT TO FORT CUMBERLAND. LANGLADE ATTEMPTS THE CAPTURE OF AN ENGLISH PAYMASTER'S MONEY CHEST.

CHARLES DE LANGLADE, having learned of the completeness of his victory, and satisfied the fort was safe, for that year at least, dismissed his tribes to their forest villages, and hurried home to the more quiet banks of the Fox River, to his young wife, whose society he had enjoyed but a few days, when called to the defense of his beloved country. After enjoying the leisure of the few warm months of summer, and recounting the story of the wonderful battle, he was in the fall called into duty again. Captain Herbin was still in command at Old Mackinaw. He made out a written order by which he appointed Charles de Langlade as commander of the post at Gabagouache (now Grand Haven) on the Grand River, Michigan, with command of the whole of Grand River and dependency; and ordered to locate his establishment at the place called Gabagouache. By this command he was placed in charge of all the traders and their men, with absolute authority over everyone in the

territory; and a judge in their disputes. He was also instructed to have a care for the Indians, as they would be wanted in the spring in the pending war. Also to keep the hired men from leaving his country, as they would be wanted in the spring for the same service.

We suppose he moved his family to his winter quarters on the Grand River. As he was permitted, in his service, to trade with the savages, he also took over an ample supply of Indian goods, for traffic with the savages. The early fall was devoted to preparations for winter. The log cabins were repaired and the spaces between the logs filled with clay and earth heaped against the base of the cabins, to keep out the cold of the winter. The Grand River and its tributaries ran through vast pine forests filled with game. Among the wild animals were the black and cinnamon bear, the moose, deer, wolf and fox. Along the streams were the beaver and otter. Doubtless he obtained a splendid commerce and a rich cargo of furs.

In January their daughter, Charlotte Catharine, was born here at Grand River, and Father M. L. Le Franc journeyed hither on snow shoes to privately baptize the infant.

In the spring (1756) they all returned to their home again as winter is the hunter's season. Furs taken in summer are of no value. These savages all return to their villages in the spring

to plant their corn and tobacco. It is quite possible that de Langlade was ordered early in the season to report at Fort Duquesne with the French Canadians of the upper country. He had now been made an ensign of infantry in the Canadian service. We suppose for gallantry in the famous "Braddock defeat."

Dumais was now in command of the Fort Duquesne. August 9, 1756, Captain Dumais issued the following order to Ensign Charles de Langlade:

"Dumais, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Captain of Infantry, Commander of the Belle Riviere (Ohio River) and its dependencies: It is ordered to Sieur Langlade, Ensign of Infantry, to set out at the head of a detachment of French and Indians, to strike Fort Cumberland. In case the Indians determined to leave the main route, Sieur de Langlade will detach a few reserves with a company of French, to follow them. The principal object of his mission being to ascertain if the enemy is inaugurating any movement in this quarter.

"He will march with precaution and watchfulness in order to avoid all surprise and ambuscade. If he attacks with the Indians he must do all in his power to prevent them from inflicting any cruelties upon those who may fall into his hands."

"Written at Fort Duquesne, Aug. 9, 1756."

On this mission he led his small company quickly and cautiously over the same route by

which the English had approached from Fort Cumberland. Having obtained the information he quickly returned. The journey would not have taken more than a week. He found that the English did not intend any attack on the fort that season. He was now regularly stationed at Fort Duquesne.

During the winter he was dispatched on a similar mission to Fort Cumberland to obtain information of the intention of the English. He was ordered to endeavor to capture some soldier who would give him information. He led a small party of French and Indians. In some manner a small dog belonging to the Post followed them. They succeeded in approaching close to Fort Cumberland and coming on to a sentinel, at night, made him prisoner. From this prisoner, de Langlade learned that an English officer in the paymaster's service was expected that night, with a chest of gold, to pay the soldiers and for military expense account. He ordered his party down the road toward Williamsburg. At a point in the road, lined with trees, the French and Indians secreted themselves under cover of the trees, on one side of the road, and waited in ambush, the coming of the English party. De Langlade with a few Indians and an officer were stationed further down the road. The moon was high and the snow on the ground made it light enough to see. Soon the mounted guard was

FRONTIER TRUNK

Or traveling pouch of de Langlade, used for trader papers and traveler outfit; made of buckskin, ornamented with colored porcupine quills, made by a Pani slave, and now owned by the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison.

heard trotting up the road. De Langlade permitted them to pass, to be taken by the ambush further up the road. As soon as the horses and sleigh, with the precious gold came up, de Langlade and a French officer, sprang at the head of the horses. Just at this inopportune moment, the dog gave a yelp, which alarmed the watchful British paymaster, who suddenly wheeled his horses about, almost upsetting the sleigh and began a swift return, lashing the horses into a gallop; but de Langlade had caught the rear of the sleigh and mounted behind the officer. Now began a fight for life, to gain the mastery with the team under swift motion, and the sleigh bounding and swaying over the rough road. The Englishman drew his pistol on de Langlade, but it missed fire, and after a sharp tussel, de Langlade snatched the weapon from the paymaster. But the Englishman was a game fighter, and with his whip, alternately thrashed de Langlade about the face, and his horses about their flanks. De Langlade swayed about in the sleigh, and used his best endeavors to get hold of the enemy, who kept up a swift lashing with the whip, cutting him about the face and head. At last partly blinded and the swaying sleigh flying with the maddened horses, finally threw him from his balance, and out into the snow. He lost his prize, but carried away the pistol as the only trophy of the fierce encounter. It would have

been very laughable, if not so serious. The mounted guards were captured. De Langlade often related this fight in the sleigh with great glee, and frequently met the English officer in Canada after the war, when it was a source of much merriment between them.

X

1757. DE LANGLADE DISCOVERS COLONEL PARKER OUT WITH A SCOUTING PARTY ON LAKE GEORGE; AMBUSHED THEM WITH THE OTTAWA, AND CAPTURED MANY PRISONERS. ASSISTS IN THE CAPTURE OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY. PROMOTED TO SECOND IN COMMAND AT OLD MACKINAW.

THE English in the campaign of 1756, had much the worst of it. Lord Loudon was commander-in-chief and Governor of Virginia. Marquis de Montcalm was made commander of the French troops in Canada. Taking advantage of the weakness of Oswego, then a post far out on the frontier, difficult of access by the English, Montcalm took his forces over Lake Ontario and landing near the forts soon reduced them, and compelled the garrison to surrender. This was a severe blow to the English.

When the season of 1757 opened, Lord Loudon, who had determined to proceed against Louisburg, sailed away with six thousand English troops and colonists. The enterprise was abandoned without an effort to assault, and when his lordship returned to New York in August, he was much chagrined to learn of defeats and disgrace on the Northern frontier.

Montcalm, supposing the Louisburg expedition was directed at Quebec had prepared to defend

that stronghold, but as soon as it was certain that its destination was for other parts, then Montcalm commenced his preparations for an attack on Fort William Henry at the head of Lake George. The forces were gathering at Ticonderoga in July. They were Canadian militia and soldiers, and Royal Batallions, as well as savages.

To interest the Indians of the missions of Two Mountains and Caughnawaga or Saut St. Louis, M. de Montcalm went himself and sung the war song. One of Montcalm's officers, Bougainville has described these Indian allies, of which there were nearly two thousand. One of these tribes, the Iowa from the far off western plains, spoke a language which no one could interpret, and they bivouacked where they saw fit, being so independent, no one could control them. To him they all looked alike. They go naked, except a strip of cloth through a belt, and paint themselves black, red, blue and other colors. Their heads were shaved and adorned with feathers and they wore beaver skin blankets, carry lances, bows and arrows with a quiver made of skins. They are straight, well made and generally very tall. It was not easy to keep them fed. A week's rations would be consumed in three days, when they asked for more. At one time they seized eighteen head of cattle and butchered them. They craved strong drink, and when drunk they

often tore each other with their teeth like wolves. The mission Indians behaved better than the heathen of the west. They were armed with guns which they knew how to use. They dressed better and were not cannibals. Otherwise they were much like other savages in ferocity. Roubaud, the Jesuit Missionary of the Abenakis of St. Francis, who were in Montcalm's army, says that they are adorned with ornaments, most calculated to disfigure them in European eyes, and painted hideous colors. The head is shaved, except at the top, to which is fastened feathers, beads and trinkets. Pendants hang from the nose and ears, which are split in infancy and drawn down by weights until they hang on the shoulders. They wear a shirt painted red, a wampum collar, silver bracelets, a large knife hangs on their breast, moose skin moccasins are on their feet, and they have a belt of absurdly combined colored beads. The Sachems, or war chiefs, have the King's medals. The war dance is sung, when all are gathered about a kettle of stewing meat, the chief taking the lead, tramps about recounting his prowess and all the savages yelling approval. Others follow in the same strain, closing the festival by all eating the contents of the kettle.

One day Roubaud was near the Fort, when he saw the shore lined with a thousand Indians, watching a war party return with some English

prisoners. They began to yell diabolically and each armed with a club, to force the unhappy prisoners to "run the gauntlet," when they would probably have been killed, but were saved by ransom furnished by some French officers. He met the the same day troops of Indians, leading English prisoners by cords about their necks and the sweat was starting from their brows in the extremity of their horror and distress. The identity of Langlade, in this large body of officers, men and Indian host, was lost in the aggregate movement, yet in one affair he distinguished himself.

Three hundred provincials, chiefly of New Jersey men, were sent out from Fort William Henry under command of Colonel Parker to reconnoitre the French outposts. Charles de Langlade who had arrived with his western tribes early, kept them constantly employed in skulking about the English works, and scouting to bring in information. They had brought word of the progress of the Colonel Parker party. The Ottawa, to the number of three hundred and thirty seven, were sent out under de Langlade and Corbiere, with five other officers, to attempt a capture. Montcalm reports the occurrence on July 25, 1757. "The Ottawa that I have sent to the lake shore had conceived the project of making an attack on the English barges and de Langlade" with four other French officers "were sent with them."

"They remained in ambush all day yesterday, and during the night. At break of day the English appeared to the number of twenty-two barges including two skiffs. Their detachment numbered three hundred and fifty men, commanded by Colonel Parker, who was at the head of the Jersey regiment, in place of Colonel Schyler taken prisoner at Oswego."

Parker was near Sabath Day point, and had rashly divided his force. At break of day three of his boats fell into the snare of ambushed Indians and were captured without a shot. Three others followed at intervals, ignorant of what had happened, and were captured. When the others came up they were greeted by a deadly volley from the thicket, and a swarm of canoes darted out upon them. The men were seized with such a panic, Montcalm's report continues, "the yells of our savages so filled them with terror, that they made but feeble resistance." Some of them jumped into the water to escape, while the Indians leaped after them and speared them with their lances like fish. "Terrified by the sight of the monsters, their agility, their firing and their yells, they surrendered without resistance," says Parkman.

About a hundred made their escape, the rest were killed or captured and, "Three of the bodies were eaten on the spot." Bougainville, the journalist of this expedition, says this success made

the Indians insolent, but he adds, "here in the forest of America, we cannot more do without them, than without cavalry on the plains." All the French bred officers detested them. Montcalm's report concludes: "Only two barges were saved, all the rest being taken or sunk. The Indians brought away six, which will be very useful to us. I have here one hundred and fifty-one prisoners, of whom eight are officers, one hundred and sixty were killed, drowned or put to the torture. This affair cost us one Indian slightly wounded."

A few days after this the tent of Roubaud, the missionary to the Abenakis, was in the camp of the Ottawa along Lake George. He presently saw a large number of them squatted about a fire, before which meat was roasting on sticks stuck in the ground, and approaching, he saw it was the flesh of an Englishman, other parts of which were boiling in a kettle, while near by sat a dozen English prisoners forced to see their comrade devoured. The horrorstricken priest began to remonstrate, on which a young savage replied in broken French: "You have French taste; I have Indian. This is good meat for me." They then invited him to the feast. If force had been used to prevent these cruelties, the Indians would have gone home in a rage. They were induced to join the war party on promise of plunder and scalps. They were left to finish their meal

undisturbed. Having eaten one of their prisoners, they began to treat the others with the utmost kindness. This change of conduct was because they were a valuable commodity for which they hoped to obtain a good price in Montreal. Montcalm finally succeeded in recovering them from the Ottawa, and after furnishing them with shoes and blankets, the captives were sent to Montreal.

The army gathered at Ticonderoga, were urged forward to Lake George with all haste possible. Provisions, camp equipments, ammunition, cannon and bateaux or open scows, were dragged through the woods and over the hills to Lake George and embarked by the end of July.

Montcalm called his Indian allies to a grand council, in which forty-one tribes and sub-tribes were represented.

These were the mission savages; Iroquois of Caughnawaga, Two Mountains, and La Presentation; Hurons of Lorette and Detroit; Nipissings of Lake Nipissing. Abenakis of St. Francis, Becancour, Missisiqui, and the Pemoboscott; Algonkins of Three Rivers and Two Mountains; Micmac and Malecites from Acadia; in all eight hundred chiefs and warriors. With these came the heathen tribes of the west, Ottawa of seven distinct bands; Ojibwas of Lake Superior; and Mississaugaes from the region of Lakes Erie and Huron; Pottawattamies from south-east shore Lake Michigan; the Menomonee from opposite

the settlement of Green Bay on Fox River in the present State of Wisconsin; Sac and Foxes from the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers; the Winnebago from their Village of Menasha on Fox River at the head of Lake Winnebago at the Island now called Doty Island; the Iowa from the plains on the banks of the Des Moines; the Miamis from the prairie of the Illinois; nine hundred and seventy-nine chiefs and warriors, "men of the forest, and men of the plains, hunters of the moose and hunters of the buffalo," with their stone war clubs and steel hatchets, their flint pointed arrows and lances, and their French guns. Some from nearby hunting grounds and some from two thousand miles away. This dusky throng of painted and plumed savages squatted about under the canopy of the green boughs of the dark forest. The white uniformed French fringed the outer circle of this barbaric council.

Other officers there were, often in the uniform of the bushmen. There was Saint Luc de la Corne, called "General of the Indians;" also the intrepid Marin; there was Charles de Langlade, the "Bravest of the Brave," and many other names known to the history of the times, and all familiar from childhood with the forest and the savage.

Pennahuel, the Ottawa chief and senior of all the tribes was there, with Kikensick, Chief of the Nipissings and many other war Kings of the

savages, among whom we suppose was Old King of the Menomonee and Dakora, of the Winnebago. They all committed themselves to the French, by the bonds of a wampum belt, of six thousand beads, produced by Montcalm. After the council, by their carelessness they set fire to the woods of their camp, which was afterward known as Burned Camp. They then took to their canoes, ran up Lake George and camped where Captain Parker had been defeated. Montcalm advised all his officers to dispense with all their baggage as they were short of boats. Levis commanded a land party, and the balance embarked in the bateaux and canoes, on the first of August. The expedition numbered 7,600 men, of whom 1,600 were Indians. "And now as evening drew near, was seen one of those wild pagentries of war which Lake George has often witnessed." They beached their water craft and joined the land forces about two miles from the English fort.

Fort William Henry had been constructed by Sir William Johnson two years before. It was built of a double row of logs, locked together, filled in with earth, and protected by seventeen cannon, besides several morters and swivels.

A brave Scotch veteran, Colonel Monro, was in command. The cattle were gathered in and all outer works cleared ready for the fray. Monro sent off expresses, for assistance, to Gen. Webb at Fort Edward, fourteen miles away, on the

Hudson. Webb had sent up one thousand regulars and militia, which raised the garrison to 2,200 men. After some skirmishing, Montcalm sent a demand for the surrender of the place; but Monro replied: "he would defend it to the last." The firing commenced on both sides and lasted six days, doing great damage to both parties. Webb had written Monro that he could give him no aid, and advised him to surrender. The condition of the beseiged camp was now very discouraging. More than three hundred had been killed and wounded; smallpox was raging in the fort; all their large cannon and morters had burst; only seven small pieces were in service; the whole of Montcalm's thirty-one cannon and fifteen morters had been pushed close up and were about to open fire; the walls were already breached and their powder was nearly spent. They fired their remaining cannon briskly all night, but in the morning a council determined to surrender. A white flag was sent out, and honorable terms made. Before signing the capitulation, Montcalm had called the Indian chiefs to council and obtained their promises to restrain their young warriors from disorder. The garrison then evacuated the fort, and joined their comrades in the entrenched camp near by. The Indians climbed into the fort in search of rum and plunder, and instantly butchered all the sick who were unable to leave their beds. The mission-

ary Roubaud says, he "saw one of these barbarians come out of the casements, with a human head in his hands, from which the blood ran in streams, and which he paraded as if he had got the finest prize."

The French guard stationed at the entrenched camp, where the English were gathered, did not prevent the Indians entering, which they did in great numbers. They roamed among the tents in an insolent manner, grinning their painted faces, "like fiends as they handled in anticipation of the knife, the long hair of the cowering women, of whom as well as children, there were many in the camp, all crazed with fright." The confusion in the camp lasted during the afternoon. The Indians wanted to plunder the English money chest. Montcalm ran there and used every means to restore order; and even arranged that two chiefs of each tribe should go with the escort to guard the English to Fort Edward and prevent a massacre by the young bucks. The English in their camp passed a fearful night, because of their fears. In the morning they were panic stricken, for they not only feared the Indians, but the Canadians also. In haste to be gone they got together at day break, before the French escourt of three hundred regulars had arrived. They had their muskets, but no powder, or bayonets. The Indians had been prowling about and discovered their intentions. There were seven-

teen wounded men in huts, unable to join the march. At five o'clock in the morning, the Indians entered the huts, dragged out the wounded, tomahawked and scalped them all, before the eyes of Dr. Whitworth their surgeon, and in front of some French officer and soldiers, who did not interfere. The scene of plundering was now begun. Monro complained to the officer of the escort that the capitulation was broken but was advised to give up the baggage to appease the Indians, which they did; then the Indians demanded rum. This was given them, but it only added to their bad temper. When at last the colonnade got into the rough road, the Indians crowded upon them, snatching caps, coats and weapons, tomahawked those who resisted, and seized shrieking women and children, dragged them off or murdered them on the spot. Suddenly the Abenakis gave the war whoop, and a mob of savages rushed on to the rear of the English captives and killed or dragged away eighty of them. A frightful tumult ensued, when Montcalm, Levis and other French officers who had hastened from their camp, came upon the scene and threw themselves among the Indians; and by promises and threats tried to prevent their awful crimes. Montcalm cried out: "Kill me, but spare the English who are under my protection." He took from them a young officer, whom the savages had seized, but this made the savages murder their

prisoners so they too would not be taken away from them. "The broken column struggled forward in wild disorder amid the din of whoops and shrieks, till they reached the advance guard," and demanded protection, but were advised to take to the woods. About fifty were killed and seven hundred made prisoners, who were stripped naked.

Montcalm succeeded in recovering over four hundred of them in the course of the day and relieved their wants by buying back their clothing. Many of the fugitives took refuge in the fort where Monro had gone to demand protection for his followers. Here were also a crowd of frenzied women crying for husbands and children. All were taken under a strong escort to Fort Edward. On the morning after the massacre the Indians set out for Montreal. Soon the fort was demolished, and the logs heaped together, and all set into a blaze, making a funeral of blazing logs, among which burned the bodies of those killed in battle, and by the tomahawk. Everything was destroyed. Then the French marched away. The place of ten thousand combatants was left again to grow to weeds and become the silent home of the wild birds. When news of the massacre of Fort William Henry reached New England, the people flocked to the defense of the frontier. Such horrible affairs were too often the result of employing Indians, besides the savages

were learning the white man's method of war, a knowledge which in a few years made them formidable foes under the famous chiefs, Pontiac, Tecumseh and Black Hawk.

Langlade seems to have grown each year in favor and to have been steadily advanced. He now received a singular mark of favor from the Governor General of Canada, in being appointed second in command at Old Mackinaw by the following order:

"Pierre Rigaud de Vaudreuil, Governor and Lieutenant General for the King, in all his New France, lands and territories of Louisiana; we order Sieur Langlade, Ensign of Troops, detached from the marine to leave this city immediately, and to proceed to the post of Michilimackinac, where he will serve in the capacity of second officer, under the orders of Monsieur de Beaujeu, commander of the post.

"Made at Montreal, September 8, 1757."

His salary under this commission was one thousand francs per annum. We suppose he moved his family into the quarters provided within the fort for the winter, and assumed his command under the order quoted above.

CROSSING LAKE MICHIGAN

"The Indians had gone to their winter quarters, and when he reached Grand River (Mich.) he raised eighty savages, who hearing Hamilton had arrived at Vincennes, refused to go there, and de Langlade crossed the lake in the middle of January to his home at La Baye. Page 229.

XI

1758. DE LANGLADE UNDER MONTCALM AT THE FAMOUS DEFENSE OF TICONDEROGA, WHERE THREE THOUSAND FRENCH DEFEATED THE ENGLISH ARMY OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND

THE war had been a brilliant but exhausting success for the French arms for four years, and very humiliating and expensive to the English. Pitt was made prime minister. Of Loudon, it was said: "He was like St. George on the signs, always on horseback, but never rides forward." He was recalled. General Abercrombie succeeded him. Pitt asked the Colonies to raise and clothe 20,000 men and promised to furnish arms, tents and provisions for them and to reimburse the colonies for all the money expended in enlisting aud clothing the levies. This liberal offer had a magical effect and excess of levies appeared. When Abercrombie took command in May, 1758, he found fifty thousand men at his disposal, more than the total male population of the French dominion in America at the time.

The objective points in this spring campaign were Louisburg, Ticonderoga and Duquesne, which were the military outposts of the French. The expedition against Louisburg captured that formidable fortress on the Island of Cape Breton.

The valiant Montcalm had fortified Carillo as named by the French, but Ticonderoga as known to the English. The ground on which Ticonderoga stood was one hundred feet above the level of the lake, on a point about half way down, on west side of Lake Champlain, at the entrance of the outlet of Lake Georgia. It was surrounded by water on three sides, and the land side was marshy, where the French had erected a strong line of log breast works, nine feet high with batteries, about a mile northwest of the fortress. In front of this breast work they had felled trees, with their limbs outward, forming an abattis impossible to scale. It was at this outer breast work where the battle occurred. On July 5th, Sunday evening, Abercrombie embarked on Lake George with 7,000 regulars and 9,000 provincials, in one hundred and twenty-five whale boats and nine hundred bateaux, with the artillery on rafts. "This vast flotilla proceeded slowly down the lake, with banners and pennons fluttering in the summer breeze, arms glittering in the sunshine and martial music echoing along the wood clad mountains." Lord Howe, a young nobleman and brother of the Howe's, afterward prominent in the Revolution, and young Lee, were among the officers. The next day the expedition landed on the west shore and just at the entrance to the outlet. Montcalm had about three thousand effective French soldiers and a few Canadians.

De Levis who had been sent to defend Fort Frontenac was hastily recalled as the exaggerated news came that twenty-five thousand of the English were setting out for Ticonderoga. Charles de Langlade was there, with perhaps some of the Canadians of the border, but not his Indian warriors. The fortification was not very strong, but Montcalm hastily threw up the breast works across the neck mentioned above, and caused the trees to be felled with limbs outward presenting a jagged, horrid barrier, animating his men by his presence, and working with them. Yet Montcalm even on the day of the attack, hesitated whether to hold it or retire to Crown Point, down the lake. He decided to await the enemy, as he calculated that even if he was beaten, he would still have time to retire as it would take the enemy several days to bring up their cannon, through the dense forest. He sent out a small party to dispute the landing, who encamped behind a log breast work, and as soon as the enemy came up in three columns, fired on them, set fire to their camp, and retreated. The English columns pressed forward, but by the ignorance of their guides, became bewildered in the dense woods, fell into confusion and blundered into each other. Lord Howe pushed ahead with his column. Putnam who was with him, vainly urged caution. They came upon a detachment of the French who were retreating and had also lost

their way. Lord Howe who gallantly led the van, was killed, regretted by all. His troops fell on the French and routed them, killing many and taking one hundred and fifty prisoners. Abercrombie was deceived as to the strength of the breast works, where he arrived in two days. His engineers said they were only formidable in appearance, but really weak and flimsy. Without waiting for his cannon and against the opinion of his officers and Stark who was there, he gave orders to storm the works. The orders were gallantly obeyed. The men rushed on with fixed bayonets and attempted to force their way through or scramble over the abattis, under a sheeted fire of swivels and musketry. The officers even tried to cut their way through with their swords. Some did reach the parapet, but were shot down. The breast work was too high to be surmounted, and was a secure cover to the French. Repeated assaults were made and as often repelled with great loss of life. They tried the center, then the flanks; they hurled themselves against the sharp ugly barrier, but could scarcely see the firing line behind, that poured a murderous fire into their rank. A French officer held up a red handkerchief on the end of a musket, and beckoned the enemy on. They thought it a flag of truce and rushed up with their guns against their breast and were breaking through the hedge, when the French fired fur-

iously at them. For five hours they fought, and when the field was strewn with English dead, the officers called them off and they retreated through the dark night and black forest, to their camp, filled with dismay. Two thousand had been killed and wounded. Though the English still had four times as many men as the French, this splendid army abandoned the project and retreated to the head of the lake.

Grignon, on the relation of de Langlade himself, says that his grandfather participated in this battle. De Peyster also says he was at Crown Point, which is the same thing as the battle was just below there. But Mr. Joseph Tasse supposes he was not there, because of Montcalm's report in which he says: "What a day for France. If I had had two hundred Indians to serve as scouts at the head of a detachment of a thousand picked men, not many of the enemy would have escaped in their flight."

Mr. Tasse also asserts that the record of Mackinaw, shows he was Godfather at a baptism at that post, on July 2, and the battle was on the 9th of July, only six days later. Yet he may have been Godfather and not have been present, especially as his wife was Godmother and was present and signed the record. This record is evidence that he was not present, as he did not sign it.

Amable de Gere, a French partisan of the western posts, who was much with de Langlade in the war, says of his leader, that de Langlade was perfectly cool and fearless in battle. He relates an instance of de Langlade's coolness in battle which must have occurred at Ticonderoga, as it was the only battle in which he was engaged, which was not a hand to hand contest. Langlade had been firing so rapidly that his gun barrel became heated, and he was obliged to stop, that it might cool. He calmly sat down, drew his pipe from its pouch, cut his tobacco, filled the pipe, took a piece of punk wood and struck fire with his steel ring and flint, lighted his pipe and calmly sat and smoked while the bullets flew thick and fast about him, with as much sangfroid as if at his fireside at home. Having cooled his gun and had his smoke, he would begin his swift firing again.

XII

1758. CHARLES DE LANGLADE AGAIN AT FORT DUQUESNE, WHERE HIS OTTAWA AMBUSH MAJOR GRANT. ON HIS RETURN HOME IS FORCED TO MAKE A FEAST OF RATTLE SNAKES

AT the same time that Abercrombie was preparing to move on Ticonderoga, General Forbes was gathering men and provisions to march against Fort Duquesne, the scene of Braddock's defeat, three years before.

As soon as Charles de Langlade could be relieved after helping to slaughter the English at Ticonderoga, he repaired to his old fighting ground at Fort Duquesne, where his clans were gathering from their lairs about Lake Michigan and the Fox River. Here they were destined once more to deal their hereditary foe a terrible blow, only a short distance from the spot where Braddock's dead army still lay bleaching on the river banks, unburied.

So slowly did the English army move, that by the middle of September they were still fifty miles from Fort Duquesne, at a place called Loyal Hanna (now Ligonier, Pa.). It had been determined early in this campaign, to make a new road through Pennsylvania, and not to march by Braddock's road, which was completed; which

occasioned useless delay. From this place Bouquet, who was in advance under Forbes, who was in the rear very sick, and against the advice of Washington, who led the Virginians in this campaign; detached Major Grant, with eight hundred picked men, some of them Highlanders, others in Indian garb, and part of Washington's Virginia regiment, sent forward by him from Cumberland under command of Major Lewis. Major Grant's instructions were to reconnoitre the country in the neighborhood of the fort, to ascertain the number and position of the French. His conduct of the expedition was foolhardy and disasterous. The French were advised through their scouts of his approach, but suffered him to advance unmolested.

M. de Ligneris, was in command of the fort, and Charles de Langlade of his western tribes. These latter were constantly scouting, and bringing in news of the English advance, and taking scalps when opportunity presented victims for them. There was probably not more than five hundred French and Indians defending the fort.

In the fort provisions were very low. They had no hope for reinforcements, as General Bradstreet had been dispatched in August to capture Frontenac (now Kingston) at the foot of Lake Ontario, and had destroyed it with all its guns, and a large amount of stores intended for Duquesne. The English now controlled the Lake. But with that

desperation born of vast empire to be maintained with a small army of brave men, the garrison of Fort Duquesne without hope, was bound to hold to the last. Their first opportunity now came to them, when Grant displayed his bravado.

De Langlade had his savages out watching every move of Major Grant, and bided his time of assault. Arriving at night in the neighborhood of the Fort, Grant posted his men on a hill, now called "Grant's Hill," and sent out a party of observation, who set fire to a log house near the walls and returned to the encampment. As if this were not enough to notify the French, he ordered the reveille to be beaten in the morning, then posting Major Lewis, with his provincial troops at a distance in the rear to protect the baggage, he marshalled his regulars in battle array, and sent an engineer with a covering party, to take a plan of the works, in full view of the garrison. De Langlade was waiting in ambush with his faithful warriors until the English were properly within his coils. Not a gun was fired from the fort. Silence was mistaken for fear, which increased the carelessness of Major Grant. At length when off his guard, the gates opened, and out poured the French soldiers, born to border war fare; the lurking savages from their hiding behind trees and bushes gave their war whoop; and all swept on to the Highlanders with hair splitting screeches, and a shower of shot that

felled them like autumn leaves, and filled them with dismay. The Highlanders for some time stood their ground bravely, but the destructive fire and yells from the unseen foe, soon caused panic and confusion. Major Lewis at the first sound of the attack, left Captain Bullitt, with fifty Virginians to guard the stores, and hurried into action. The battle was kept up for some time, but the confusion was disastrous. The savages sprang from their hiding with tomahawk and scalping knife. Lewis fought hand to hand with an Indian brave whom he killed, but being surrounded by others, only saved his life by surrendering to a French officer; as also did Major Grant. The whole force of the enemy was now put to rout with awful carnage. Captain Bullitt, gathered some of the fugitives about him, and prepared to make a forlorn stand. He sent off some of the most valuable baggage with the strongest horses, then made a breast work of wagons. Bullitt's men held their fire until the savages came close up, then poured into them a destructive hail of bullets which checked them only for a moment; and as they were again pressing forward, Bullitt held up a white flag; and advanced as if to surrender, but when within eight yards of the savages, his men suddenly leveled their guns and fired; then charged the savages with bayonets. The Indians fled in dismay. Bullitt then retreated with all speed, collecting the

IVORY HANDLED SWORD

King Louis XV presented to de Langlade for valiant service at Quebec, now in possession of a descendant, Mr. Joseph Perrault, of Town Howard, near Green Bay.

RED, BRITISH, CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM OF DE LANGLADE

Also in possession of Mr. Joseph Perrault. Photographs kindly furnished by Hon. Edmund P. Boland, of Green Bay.

wounded and stragglers as he hurried along. The fragments of Major Grant's command straggled back to Colonel Bouquet's camp, having met with a loss of twenty-one officers and two hundred and seventy-three privates.

It was the 5th of November before the whole British army was assembled at Loyal Hanna. It had been raining for several weeks. It now began to snow. It was cold and the new roads were almost impassable. General Forbes had been constantly sick with a flux and unable to stand, was carried in a litter. Their provisions were consumed. A council of war had determined it was impracticable to advance further that season. They were fifty miles from Fort Duquesne, far away over the rugged mountains, mantled in thick forest and underbrush, crossed by mountain streams; the snow and cold and hunger was wearing out the men and horses.

The commanders at Niagara, Detroit and the Illinois forts had been commanded to send all available aid to Ligneris at Fort Duquesne; with the Indian tribes of the Huron, Ottawas, Pottawattamies, Miamis and others; including the Delawares and Shawanoes. Forbes had been so slow in his march that the French feared their Indian allies would desert them. This was precisely what Forbes had hoped for. He had taken extensive measures to draw off the Delawares, Shawanoes and Mingoes. By the skillful aid of the

wonderful Moravin Missionary, Christian Frederick Post, gathered a great Council at Easton, where these warlike tribes, who had spread desolation and ruin on the Virginia and Pennsylvania frontiers, were joined to the English by treaty.

With all their courageous energy, the position of the French was desperate, but this was unknown to General Forbes. The Militia of Louisiana and the Illinois left the fort and went home. The Indians of Detroit and the Wabash deserted. The supplies destined for Fort Duquesne being destroyed at Frontenac, Ligneris was compelled to dismiss the greater part of his force or starve. He awaited the approach of the enemy with the few who remained.

In November after it had been determined by the council in the British camp to go no farther that season, three prisoners were brought, who reported the defenseless condition of Fort Duquesne, which reversed the orders and on November 18th, Washington with twenty-five hundred picked men, burdened only with knapsack and blankets, marched for the fort, which they reached in five days, but found it in flames, its magazines blown up and its small garrison gone. Some down the Ohio, some overland to Venango and Presque Isle. The next season the British built a new fort which they named Fort Pitt. The campaign of 1758 had been disastrious to

France in the loss of Louisburg which guarded the St. Lawrence; Frontenac, the important post on Ontario; and now the main stronghold which protected their western interests; besides numerous Indian tribes were now friendly to the English. England had now gained all she had sought by the war, but Pitt's ambition soared higher. His aim was now to conquer the vast French possessions in America. In the next year he promoted Wolf above his fellows and gave into his hands the great task.

Charles de Langlade had sent Kinonchusie, his Uncle, who was brother to the Great Nissowaquet, war chief of the Ottawa, on a hurried voyage home with orders to bring corn to the starving garrision of Fort Duquesne. But by a letter written at his request by the Jesuit missionary, P. DuJaunay from Point St. Ignace Mission, which was then thirty miles south of Old Mackinaw, at L'Arbre Croche, on Sept. 24, 1758, we learn that there was no corn to be had. That those who formerly raised eighty sacks, would not have ten sacks. Corn was so scarce that the traders at L'Arbre Croche were paying as high for one sack, "as seven fist fulls of powder, and three hundred balls." By the same letter de Langlade was informed that his own fields had been destroyed by high fall winds. We have no information of the route taken by de Langlade on his return home, but suppose he departed from the Fort several weeks before it was

abandoned and probably crossed the territory of the present State of Ohio, going directly to Detroit. As the garrison was almost starving, his party must have gone away with a very small supply of provisions, for their journey. It may have been on this homeward journey that he and his party nearly starved to death as related by Augustin Grignon. On this occasion being in a famishing condition, they discoved a nest of live rattle snakes. By means of forked sticks they caught them by the neck, "severed their heads from their bodies, dressed the meat, and made a most savory meal."

At this late day we can scarcely realize the hardships he must have endured with his long marches and canoe voyages, thousands of miles through wilderness and over the treacherous lakes, camping at night on the ground, often wet to the skin, and constant companion of savages, and relying mainly on wild game for a living. During the French and Indian war he must have travelled in this way three to four thousand miles each season or farther during the war than once around the earth. No one during that war traveled near as many miles or fought as many battles. It has never been reported that he was ever injured in battle. He seemed to bear a charmed life.

This winter after his return home from Fort Duquesne, he repaired again to Grand River with his family, where he spent the winter in the Indian trade.

XIII

1759. UNHAPPY CANADA

WE now approach the period when France was to make her final struggle to retain her American possessions. She was but poorly prepared in wealth or population in Canada for the contest. The population of Canada by the census of 1754, was fifty-five thousand; adding that of Louisiana and Acadia. The whole white population of the British colonies along the Atlantic coast was one million and one hundred thousand. This was a very great difference in the numerical strength of the two combatants. However, the British colonies were divided and separated by questions which concerned the interest of each differently, and therefore they had permitted the war to drag along through the weary years. At this period the state of public knavery had reached enormous proportions and public corruption permeated every branch of the French colonial government. Montcalm, who had been sent over to command the troops, was not able to live within his salary, the prices were so high, and the honest soldier did not know how to enter into these schemes, by which others made themselves rich by robbing their king. He wrote a cypher letter to the

Minister of War at Paris, exposing the deplorable conditions of Canada, the peculations and robberies of those intrusted with its interests. He mentions the case of Le Mercier, chief of Canadian Artillery, who had come to Canada as a private soldier, twenty years before, and now worth a million through the fraudulent contracts. The Intendant Bigot who lived in great luxury, had a profit in every contract, and amassed a vast fortune; as did also the Governor General Vaudreuil. The King was discovering the facts of this stupendous thievery, and the letters from Versailles became appalling in rebuke and menace to Vaudreuil: "The ship Britanna, laden with goods such as are wanted in the colony, was captured by a privateer and brought into Quebec. You sold the whole cargo for eight hundred thousand francs. The purchaser made a profit of two million. You bought back a part for the King at one million, or two hundred thousand more than the price at which you sold the whole. The amount of your drafts on the treasury is frightful." Cadot was the chief brigand in this looting of the public treasury, and became the richest man in the colony. His chief method was the falsification of accounts, which to accomplish he bribed the officers by brandy or money. In one of these operations accomplished by the aid of Bigot the Intendant, Cadot bought of the King for six hundred thousand francs, a

quantity of stores, then sold them back to the King for double that amount.

These pirates in the ship of state, not only stole their King poor, but they trafficed in the life of the inhabitants of the colony. Cadot told the Intendant that the inhabitants were hoarding their grain and obtained an order requiring them to sell at a low price, and he obtained nearly all of it. Famine was the result, he then sold at high price, partly to the King and partly to those who had been obliged to sell to him. The command of a fort brought such opportunities for gain, that such appointments, which were made for three years, were much sought after. The gift was a favor of the Governor who shared in the spoils. The profit was made largely in over stating the number of presents required to keep the Indians friendly, which the King was to present free to the Indians, but which were stolen by the commandants and traded to the Indians for furs, which brought a high price. At the post of Green Bay, the partisan officer Marin, and Rigaud, the Governor's brother, made in a short time, a profit of three hundred and twelve thousand francs. The Governor put his stepson, La Verrier in command at Old Mackinaw, where by fraudulent connivance of his stepfather, the young man made a fortune.

When Charles de Langlade was made second in command at Old Mackinaw and also when ordered

to Grand River for several winters in succession, his opportunity to amass a fortune must have been very tempting, and doubtless one of the reasons why, one whose abilities as a partisan leader was so far superior to his fellows, was not advanced to his proper place in promotion, was that he would not rob the King. He was often approached to join the conspirators, but it was not to his liking. He was an honest man, as well as brave. He would gladly fight for his country, but would not steal from his King.

On one occasion he made up his account of goods purchased for the Indians in his department, when the French commissioner returned it to him for correction, suggesting that he make it over again, which was a hint that he raise the amount. He returned it transposed but for the same amount. It was returned to him again with the same request, but he returned it without change. This was repeated four times, and always returned as before for the same amount. At length the commissioner intimated to him, supposing he was a bit dull of comprehension, that he "had sent it back to him, as he saw it was for a very moderate sum, and the King of France could very well pay it, if it was four or five times as large."

De Langlade replied: "The account was all just, and he could claim nothing more." He never used his position or opportunity to rob the public, and died as he had lived, an honest man.

XIV

1759. WOLF, MONTCALM AND DE LANGLADE AT THE CAPTURE OF THE WALLED FORTRESS AT QUEBEC

THE winter was one of dread and suffering in Canada. The Canadian had never lost heart, but promptly obeyed the Governor's call to arms, and had borne with commendable patience, the burdens of war and submitted to the oppressions of official robbery as patiently as their forefathers on the Loire, always loyal to their country, their church, and the dishonest administration which abused their rights. When the able-bodied men went to war, in which most of them were employed in the menial service, the peasant women, boys and old men, tilled the fields and raised a meager harvest, "which always might be, and often was taken from them in the name of the King."

The condition of Canada was deplorable. The St. Lawrence was patroled by British ships, threatening communication with France; the harvest had been small; a barrel of flour cost two hundred francs; the cattle and horses had been killed for food; the people lived on salt cod or provisions from France; all prices were high; the French officers could not live on their pay,

"while the native and imported scoundrels fatted on the general distress." "What a country," writes Montcalm. "here all the knaves grow rich, and the honest men are ruined."

The only hope was in an appeal to the Court. Two messengers were sent to France to lay the case before the ministry. They begged for troops arms, munitions, food and a squadron to defend the St. Lawrence. The reply was, France required all her strength in the seven year war then raging in Europe. That the King trusted everything to the zeal and energy of Montcalm, advising him to concentrate his forces, that they might easily support each other, and save a foothold in Canada. All that could be obtained was four hundred regulars, gunpowder, arms and provisions.

In the spring of 1759 when Canada was losing its white fields of snow and ice, the envoys returned up the St. Lawrence and reported. "A little is precious to those who have nothing," said Montcalm. They brought word of the great armament fitting out in England, destined to attack Quebec. The colony was abandoned to its fate. It was believed they would be attacked by at least fifty thousand men; to oppose which there were in the government of Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec, thirteen thousand effective men. Add to these four thousand French soldiers, fifteen hundred colony troops, a body of irregu-

lars in Acadia, the militia and traders of Detroit, and other posts, and two thousand Indians, and we have the whole force of Canada. Still there was hope that a stand could be made at Quebec, as the only way of approach was barred by the impregnable natural fortress of Quebec, the Lachine Rapids, or Isle aux Noix, at the outlet of Lake Champlain.

In early spring at Montreal, Montcalm and the Governor General Vaudreuil, settled on a plan of defence. Bourlamaque, with three battalions was ordered to take post at Ticonderoga to hold General Amherst in check. La Corne was sent with a strong detachment to watch the Lachine rapids above Montreal. "Every able bodied man in the colony, and every boy who could fire a gun was called to the field." Governor Vaudreuil sent out a circular letter to be read to all the people, exhorting them, "to defend their religion, their wives, their children and their goods, from the fury of the heretics." The Bishop of Canada issued pastorials begging the people to flock to the standard of the cross. In the midst of these preparations for the common defense, came the news of the intended expedition of Wolf against Quebec; which spread consternation among the people, but there was great joy when twenty-three vessels of supplies from France, eluding the British men of war, set to watch them, sailed up the St. Lawrence.

Nearly all the forces of Canada were ordered to Quebec. "Such was the ardor of the people that boys of fifteen and men of eighty, were to be seen in the camp." The plan of defense finally settled on, was to intrench along the high banks of the river from seven miles beyond Quebec, down as far as the Montmorency, whose waters flowing through a deep gorge, finally leap down two hundred and fifty feet, forming a white, foaming veil, of picturesque scenery, scarcely equaled in all the world. Overlooking this long line of entrenchments, one saw a busy scene, where Montcalm was making all ready to defend Canada. In this long camp there were fifteen thousand men and Indians, and the rock of Quebec was defended by about two thousand men. The Canadians who formed the greater part of these defenders, could not be trusted to fight in the open, but would fight well behind intrenchments.

Against this force posted behind breastwork, Wolf was to bring but nine thousand men, available for fighting on land, and the lofty heights that lined the river, would make the ships cannon useless.

Charles de Langlade had been busy at Old Mackinaw, in the early spring, sending runners in all directions, rousing the Indians for the coming battle. Early in June the tribes had gathered. There were two hundred savages of

the nations about Old Mackinaw, Ottawa and Ojibwa. To these were joined the Kristineax from beyond Lake Superior; the Sioux of the Mille de Lac country; the Sacs and the Foxes of the Wisconsin; the Menomonee and Winnebago from the Fox River of Wisconsin; in all a band of twelve hundred painted, feathered, naked savages, who forever at war among themselves, now floated their five hundred bark canoes in unison and in fraternal peace, while they hurried to the plunder and scalps of the white man's war. At the head of this fleet of savages went the partisan Captains, Charles de Langlade and Verendrie, "one of the discoverers of the Rocky Mountains and the western sea." "Old Caron" himself, the tall, war chief of the Menomonee and his dusky son, Glode, was with that warrior band; as well as O-son-wish-ke-no, the yellow bird; and Ka-cha-ka-wa-she-ka, the notch maker. Anable de Gere, the partisan leader, was also with this throng of western barbarians, as were all the Coureuers de bois, habitant traders and wood rangers who made the wild trackless west their home, one and all and swept on the bosom of the great waters to the defense of the white fleur de lis, which had shimmered in the northern breeze, from the citadel, on the heights of Old Quebec, since the days of Champlain.

The little city of Montreal was alive and thronged the shore to witness this barbaric fleet,

as it swiftly flew along the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence, making the wooded heights echo with the wild songs of the wood rangers and the savage yells of defiance to the foes of their French brother.

De Langlade leaped ashore and immediately reported to the officer in command. The horde of savages beached their canoes and rushed through the town. Some of them from the most westerly end of Lake Superior had been for three months on the journey and traversed the whole length of the Great Lakes. They were glad to ease their cramped limbs and learn the news. They had arrived on the twenty-third of July and only remained long enough to refresh themselves, when they again embarked, and the long line of fleet canoes swiftly sped past wood embowered islands, their cheers echoing over the lofty heights along the great river as they hurried on to Quebec. In about a week they beached their bark canoes on the low strand above the rock, and gathering their spears and war clubs, scrambled up the steep and slippery banks to the heights, then marched to their place in the line along the thick forest, which skirted the gorge of Montmorency. "Langlade," says Mr. Tasse, "came to offer anew his valiant sword to Montcalm, who the first of our heroes, had only heroes under his command; he came to assist in the last stage of that grand struggle where so many times

THE NORTHWEST TRIBES, UNDER DE LANGLADE, "SWEPT ON THE BOSOM OF THE GREAT WATERS" TO THE DEFENSE OF QUEBEC

"The little city of Montreal was alive and thronged the shore to witness this barbaric fleet as it swiftly flew along the bosom of the broad St. Lawrence." Page 144

his courage and skill had shone forth conspicuously."

A few days before this, on the twenty-sixth, the British squadron, with Wolf's command, had sailed up the river and lay opposite, behind the Island of Orleans. The view below the entrenchments of the French, was one of pastoral peace and thrift, "wind-mills, water-mills, churches, chapels and compact farmhouses, all built of stone," and surrounded with wooden picket fences.

On the same night the English had landed on the island and crossed to the upper side. Here Wolf could find little hope of success and saw how desperate was his undertaking. He could see in part the formidable task which awaited him. Quebec sat perched upon her rock, a walled town of stone houses, churches, palaces, convents and hospitals. Batteries frowned everywhere. Full in sight lay the far extended camp, behind entrenchments, from Quebec to the falls of Montmorency, high upon the bluffs and cliffs. Above the city, Cape Diamond hid the view, but there the St. Lawrence had also cut its way deep into the soil, leaving high, perpendicular walls, often inaccessible and so difficult to approach that a few men at the top could hold an army in check. Quebec was a natural fortress.

It had been reported that with entrenchments, easily made, and defended by three thousand men, the city would be safe.

Now sixteen thousand men lined up behind their breastworks, stood in its defense. Montcalm had determined to avoid a general battle, run no risks, and keep the enemy off until fall, when winter would compel them to withdraw. A violent wind made a wreck of some of the English shipping and destroyed many of the small boats. This was thought a good opportunity to let down the fire-boats loaded with shell among the English fleet, but the excited captain set fire to his ships a half hour too soon. They made an elegant display of fireworks, but did little damage. Montcalm wrote that he "passed every night in bivouac, or slept in his clothes," so watchful was he that no surprise should find him unprepared. Wolf held in check at every point and determined to do something, seized the Point Levi, opposite Quebec, where the St. Lawrence River was about a mile wide.

From here he reduced the lower town to ruins, but he accomplished nothing as he could not injure the fortifications on the height, or the French army of defense.

The Montmorency ran down from the sloping table lands, until near its entrance to the St. Lawrence, where it had worn itself into the rock, forming a deep gorge into which plunged the beautiful falls of the Montmorency, one misty plunge of two hundred and fifty feet.

Around this gorge ranged the lofty precipices covered with stunted evergreens and birch. On

the western side of the abyss for about seven miles to Quebec, where the embattled heights of the St. Lawrence, crowned everywhere with the intrenchments of the French. Wolf still on the southern side of the river, casting about for some method to arrive at Montcalm's army, determined to cross over and make lodgement below the gorge of Montmorency. The Chevalier de Levis, with his division of Canadian militia, occupied the heights of the St. Lawrence, which skirted the right bank and western crest of the falls of Montmorency. On the eighth of July, several English frigates and a bombketch took their station before the camp of de Levis, and shelled and cannonaded him all day, doing little damage because of the elevated position of the French, but gained their object of distracting their attention from the intended movement of Wolf. Towards evening the English troops on the Point Orleans broke up camp. Major Hardy with a detachment of warriors was left to hold that post, while the rest embarked at night. They were the brigades of Murry and Townsend of five battalions, a body of grenadiers, rangers and light infantry, three thousand men in all. Before daybreak they landed below the falls, swept away a small party of Canadians and Indians, scaled the steep banks to the plateau above, and intrenched themselves.

A company of rangers supported by a detachment of regulars, was sent into the woods to

guard the sappers who were cutting trees for the parapets, and to look for a fording place over the Montmorency above the falls.

Chevalier de Levis and his aide-de-camp Johnstone, stood out on the hills in the early gray of morning, watching the English across the chasm. Johnstone asked his Commander if he was sure there was no ford higher up the Montmorency, by which the English could cross. He answered he was sure, there was none, but a Canadian whispered to Johnstone that there was a ford three miles up, and afterward brought a man who averred he crossed the night before with a sack of wheat on his back, at which a detachment was sent at once to the place, where they intrenched, and Repentigny, a Lieutenant of Levis, was posted near by with eleven hundred Canadians.

Four hundred Indians crossed the ford under the partisan de Langlade, says Francis Parkman, the historian of Wolf and Montcalm, discovering the English in the woods, hid themselves, and de Langlade hurried back to inform Repentigny that there was a body of English in the forest, who might all be destroyed if he would cross over at once with the Canadians. Repentigny sent for orders to Levis, who sent for orders to Vaudrueil, the Governor General, whose headquarters were four miles distant. Vaudrueil answered no risk should be run and he would come and see for himself. It was about two hours before he

arrived, by which time the Indians impatient at delay before the enemy, rose from their hiding place, fired on the rangers and drove them back, with heavy loss on the regulars, who stood their ground. The Indians recrossed the ford with thirty-six scalps. "If Repentigny had advanced and Levis had followed with his main body," says Parkman, "the consequences to the English might have been serious;" for as Johnstone remarks: "A Canadian in the woods, is worth three disciplined soldiers; as a soldier on the plain, is worth three Canadians." The opportunity was lost by delay in permitting de Langlade and his savages to organize the ambush to strike terror to the British lines. Had they been supported in the attack, the Indians would have stampeded the English into the water and ruined Wolf's chances of capturing Quebec, as he could not recover from a loss of three thousand men.

There was no possibility of failure in the attack, as Wolf could not receive support from his other divisions, one at Point Levi on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence, seven miles away, while Montcalm could have hurled his entire army against this small array of English. But Vaudrueil and Montcalm were both agreed for once, on a fatal policy of inaction. Montcalm said: "Let him amuse himself where he is. If we drive him off he may go to some place where he may do us harm." But the constant activity

of Wolf was disheartening to the Indians and Canadians, who became restless in their camps. The Canadians began to desert, and were only held to their duty by being threatened with the Indians. At eleven o'clock at night on the eighteenth, the English with a part of their fleet, passed the batteries of Quebec safely, and reached the river above the town. The army of Wolf was now divided into four parts, that above Quebec, part on Point Levis, and the detachment remaining on the Island of Orleans, with the force on the heights of Montmorency, and all so far apart that none of the separate commands could come to the assistance of each other without loss of valuable time. Mr. Parkman says of this occasion: "That Montcalm did not improve this opportunity, was apparently due to want of confidence in his militia." However, the quick wit of de Langlade again saw the opportunity, but though he begged for orders to attack and support, was not permitted to charge the British. It was on the twenty-fifth of July, that de Langlade with his Wisconsin savages lay in the tall pines and firs along the southern shore of the Montmorency, always on guard to pick off reckless British, who might stray away from their camp. Suddenly a great throng was seen to leave the parapets and move toward the forest. It was a detachment of Wolf's army, two thousand strong, on a reconnoissance. The savages

were surprised to note their regular advance, as if on parade. They imprudently pushed their way through the woods almost to the light intrenchment of the outpost of the French. The Indians lay on their stomachs, behind fallen trees, in low depressions and shielded by bushes. They were armed with knives, spears, arrows, war clubs and guns, and were impatient for the war whoop to arouse them to the charge. The ambush was perfect, and the surprise would have been complete and the rout disastrous, if supported by the Canadian wood-rangers.

The Chevalier Johnstone, a native of Edinburgh, a Jacobite who served in the rebellion of 1754, made in the interest of the Stuart family, and after defeat at the battle of Culloden, escaped to Holland, and subsequently entering the French service was sent to Canada, where he was made aide-de-camp to Levis, and afterward to Montcalm. On the fall of Canada, he repaired to France, where he wrote upon the events through which he had passed. Parkman says: "He had great opportunity to acquire information during the campaign; and the record though written in the form of a dialogue between the ghosts of Wolf and Montcalm, are of substantial historical value." In writing the account of this important affair, we have followed closely the language and facts as furnished by Chevalier Johnstone.

By this journal, the English are said to have imprudently run headlong into the woods with

two thousand men, who naturally ought to have been cut to pieces and neither Wolf nor any man on that side of the river allowed to escape. Nine hundred Indians lay in ambush, within pistol shot of them, and would have cut off the retreat before discovery. As soon as the Indians had surrounded the English in the woods, de Langlade hurried away to beg de Levis to order an attack and for assistance. He informed Chevalier de Levis that they had the English in the net. That the enemy was greatly their superior in numbers, and vehemently begged de Levis to order M. de Repentigny to pass the ford and join him with eleven hundred men, which he had under his command in the intrenchments; that they would be answerable for their own lives if a single man of the enemy should return to camp, but they did not think themselves strong enough to successfully strike the meditated blow without their reinforcements of Canadians.

There were many officers at de Levis' headquarters, and the General having assembled them, gave them his opinion, that it seemed dangerous to attack an enemy in the woods whose force he could not estimate; that it might prove to be the whole English army, and bring on a general engagement, for which they were not prepared, and if defeated, he would be blamed for bringing on a battle without orders from his superiors. All his officers out of deference to their commander,

endorsed his views, except his aide-de-camp, who declared there was not the smallest probability that the English army was there, since the Indians who never fail to magnify the number computed them at two thousand men; that even supposing it was the enemies whole force, it would be fortunate to have a general engagement in the woods, where a Canadian is worth three disciplined soldiers, and it was essential that those who composed two-thirds of the army, should select the movement and choice of place as the English were almost entirely regulars. That orders should be sent at once to Repentigny to cross the river, immediately, with his detachment and join the Indians; and the army be advanced to give such support as would be found necessary. Even if the English were victors, the Canadians knew how to escape in the woods. The aid-de-camp did not seem to favor the waiting policy of the French camp, as he closes by urging, "that when fortune offers her favors, they ought to be snatched with avidity."

These reasons made no impression on General Levis, nor did the urgent arguments of de Langlade prevail. He was sent back with a negative reply. His only way lay over the broken hills and across the river, which he waded or swam, thence through the ravines and hills covered with heavy growth of timber and thicket, two miles from the camp of de Levis, to the place

where the Indians were in ambush. They heard him with disgust, and were so determined to rush on the foe, that he restrained them with difficulty. Finally he returned, to again importune de Levis, to order the charge and send the Canadians. He came back with new entreaties, and earnest solicitations to impress General de Levis. He used every argument known to the intrepid fighter. De Levis could not be induced to take the responsibility of positive orders, but finally wrote a letter to Repentigny, which he handed de Langlade to deliver, in which he stated that, "having the greatest confidence in his prudence and good conduct, he might pass the river with his detachment, if he saw a certainty of success."

He was told, while he was sealing the letter, that Repentigny had too much judgment and good sense to assume the responsibility of an affair of such importance; and as soon as he read the letter, he did send to de Levis for positive orders. After de Langlade had rushed about entreating and begging the proper support and much discouraged, de Levis after the loss of much valuable time, finally resolved to go in person and give his orders on the spot, but when he had arrived near the ford, a rattle of shots were heard. The Indians carried away at last by their impatience, after having lain flat on the ground for five hours awaiting orders, gave the war whoop and charged the English, whose red coats

DE LANGLADE AT QUEBEC

In the outworks, on the banks of the Montmorency. "He came back with new entreaties, and earnest solicitations to impress General de Levis." Page 154.

could be plainly seen through the brush. They were so impetuous that the English retreated, crying, "All is lost." The alarm was communicated even to the main camp, to which General Wolf had returned. More than one hundred and fifty of the English were killed, with a loss of only two Indians. M. Penet in his journal of the siege of Quebec, remarks: "that unfortunately no advantage was taken of this stroke." Another relation says: "The whole army regretted that they had not profited by so fine an opportunity." Johnstone concludes: "It is evident that had Repentigny crossed the river with his detachment of eleven hundred Canadians, Wolf must have been cut to pieces, and the affair would have terminated his expedition, as his army could have no hope of success after such a loss."

Mr. Joseph Tassee writes, that it is, "evident we cannot form too high an opinion of the ability of de Langlade, and of the important service he would have rendered to the French cause."

We can clearly see now at this late day as those who took part did see, that the French policy of not risking a battle, was a safe policy in the main, but should not have been continued when a favorable chance offered to take the English unawares, and in detachments. In this instance the veteran borderer, Charles de Langlade had clearly pointed the way not only to end the campaign, but capture Wolf with half his army. Had

his urgent entreaties been heeded, this might have saved Canada to the French and changed the map of America.

We do not regret the stupidity of the French on this occasion, as after events have shown, that all was for the best; and we would not change any of the events in view of the vast change that was working out for the future good of the race, not even to prove that the subject of our history might have been the hero of the great war.

During all the summer, Wolf had used the utmost energy as a careful and daring commander to bring on an engagement with Montcalm, without success. The French commander had no confidence in the Canadian militia, and behind his intrenchments Quebec was safe, if he could tire out the enemy. Wolf was very ill, yet full of energy. It has been said of him at this time, that "his energy was doubly tasked; to bear up his sinking frame, and to achieve an almost hopeless feat of arms." His forces had been constantly active, always assaulting some point in the long line of defenses. Once they crossed the Montmorency at the foot of the falls and charged up the heights, but a flood of rain drove them back, aided by the sharp fire of the French. Detachments overrun all the surrounding country destroying crops, and the farm buildings, foraging everywhere. A large body of troops and the fleet in the St. Lawrence above Quebec, spread, terror and cut off the supplies of the French army.

De Langlade's command of savages were ever on the alert to capture the English when opportunity offered, and were not satisfied to remain so inactive before the enemy. The brave general, Montcalm, was everywhere, incessantly vigilant. He writes in September: "The night is dark; it rains; our troops are in their tents, with clothes on, ready for an alarm; I'm in my boots; my horse is saddled. In fact, this is my usual way. I cannot be everywhere, though I multiply myself, and have not taken off my clothes since the twenty-third of June." Winter was fast coming on, and the Admiral of the fleet had warned Wolf, he must prepare to leave, but he had informed the Admiral that he had a plan that he was arranging, which he would attempt, and if it failed, they would sail away. His plan was the desperate one, to scale the heights of Abraham above the town. On the twelfth of September all being ready, his boats filled with soldiers, slowly moved down with the tide, and in the dark, the men leaped ashore and climbed the steep heights, clinging to bushes and stones. The sleeping guard at the top was overpowered, and by morning Wolf was at the head of thirty-five hundred veteran English regulars, and colony troops, in line of battle on the plains of Abraham, about a mile from the fortress of Quebec, on the same level. Montcalm had been out all night alarmed by the diversion made by the fleet to attract attention from Wolf's

real move. In the morning, he heard some firing above Quebec, and rode his black horse in that direction. Nearing the St. Charles river, he saw in the distance the long line of red coats. Exclaiming, "This is a serious business," he at once sent officers in every direction, ordering up the troops, which he deployed in front of the fortress. A council of war favored an immediate attack, and they marched into the battle, which was fierce, sharp and short. The French gave way before the English fire. Montcalm, crowded along by the fugitives, was fatally shot through the body.

Charles de Langlade with his command of western savages, came over to battle with Wolf, and ranged themselves behind bushes and cornfields on the English right along the edge of the bluff. They kept up a continuous fire, taking deliberate aim and hitting their man at every shot. They were not stampeded by the terrible fire of the English, and when the French column was broken to pieces, these sharpshooters continued their fire from concealed thickets.

Against them Wolf himself led the charge. He was made a special mark for their skill, and a shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped it with his handkerchief, and pushed on. Another shot wounded him, but he still led the charge, when a third shot lodged in his breast. He staggered and fell. He was mortally wounded and soon

expired. It is not known who fired the fatal shot, though it was doubtless some of the savage band led by Charles, if not de Langlade himself.

Charles de Langlade did valiant service for his country on this memorable day, and had the misfortune to see two brothers killed by his side, and many of his friends. No one could expect reports of individual bravery from the Governor General, whose cowardly conduct in retreating to a safe distance, and yielding the impregnable fortress of Quebec only added to his lifelong treachery to his country; while he at once wrote to France the most scandalous fabrications defaming the brave Montcalm, "who closed a life too brief. His sun in rays of glory set" on that unfortunate field, where now stands a marble shaft erected alike to the fame of both these brave generals, Montcalm and Wolf.

XV

1760. PROMOTED FIRST LIEUTENANT BY LOUIS XV AND PRESENTED BY HIM WITH A SWORD. THE BOURBON BANNER COMES DOWN AT OLD MACKINAW. ENGLAND CONQUERS CANADA. DE LANGLADE COMMANDER OF THE NORTHWEST.

LATE in the fall, Charles de Langlade and his followers were relieved from duty to return to their western post. As they paddled up the streams and crossed the portages at the different St. Lawrence rapids, and at Niagara, and sped swiftly over the cool lakes, they saw the shores golden and crimson with autumn leaves, and the water reflected the deep, blue sky. The nights were cool and frosty, while now and then a cold swift wind swept the lakes and they rested until the waters were quiet again. After a canoe journey of many days, and just as the ice fringed the shore and the chilling blasts of winter shook out her great sheets of snow, they saw ahead of them, the smoke curling upward from the log cabins in Old Mackinaw. Soon the people saw them coming with swift flying paddles over the strait, and lined the shore to give them a hearty greeting. They were very glad to reach the shore of their humble home in this far outpost, and we may be sure those who waited

for so many months for their return from the fatal fields of Quebec, were filled with joy to have them home again. The tales they brought, served to make the evening about the great fireplace one of interest and excitement. It has seldom fallen to the lot of men to have the thrilling personal experience of the brave Charles de Langlade. We may suppose the greeting his young and beautiful wife gave him on his return was worthy a valient knight's home coming from the wars. He had painful news to bring of his two brothers shot by his side on the Plains of Abraham. Soon the snows came down, and at Christmas Day the waters were locked in ice. Then the trapping and hunting began again. The furs were carefully salted and laid away. No one was weary in this far away solitary world, for all loved the wild. At night the fiddle was taken from its hook up among the cross poles, and the happy songs of France rose on the air, accompanied by the soft, sweet tones of the violin.

Then the bottle or jug of wine was set on the table, with wild nuts and sweet meats, while all sat about to listen to the tales of war and battle of which none ever tired.

The Indians had declared their disgust of the last summers maneuvers, and many refused to be drawn into the war again, insisting they would not return the following summer to Montreal.

They had been greatly disappointed at not being supported by the French on the several occasions when they ambushed the scarlet coats in the woods; not so much because they specially desired the defeat of the English, as because they principally went to the war for booty and scalps, and when denied a chance to win their savage trophies, they felt as if their long journey had been in vain. This was the savage way. Early in the spring, Charles de Langlade prepared again to make the journey for the seventh time in this long war to bear his part in the defense of his native country, though he must have felt it was useless. With the able bodied settlers, habitants, coureurs de bois, rangers, soldiers of the post, and a few hundred Indians, he set out, as soon as the strait was clear of ice, about the first of May. Their canoes glided along the strait around the upper end of Michigan, whose shores were evergreen in places and shrouded in deep, black woods denuded of their leaves, in others. The green grass was but just springing into life after its long burial beneath the winter snow. They swiftly rounded these points, crossed the great bays of Saginaw, and glided over the ever turbulent waters of Lake Huron close to the dark and dismal shore.

At night they set up their little tent in some shaded nook, and lighted their camp fires, fearlessly, as the savages who prowled about those

forests, loved de Langlade, and his party were perfectly safe from treachery. In a few days they were skimming along with paddle and current in the deep, wide swift St. Croix river, and at last came to the frontier settlement and picketed military post of Detroit. Here they tarried for refreshments and to rest, while they enjoyed again the society of these congenial companions. After a few days they again pushed out their frail, birch bark canoes, joined by several from the post bound on the same errand. The banks were now green with returning spring, and the trees commenced to show cotton buds, making ready to unfold their leaves with the first warm shower. Swiftly the canoes flew down the current of the great river, on whose bosom now floats a vast commerce in an unending fleet of iron and wooden, steam and sail boats, more valuable than enters the port of Liverpool. Soon they floated out on to the bosom of the beautiful Lake Erie. Fearlessly they thread their way along wooded shores and among green Islands, for no English or Iroquois enemy has yet gone beyond Niagara. After several weeks from home they at last enter the swift current of the Niagara river, and soon land among the bushes on the Canadian shore. To carry their boats and luggage around the falls, is now a delicate task, for the savages of the Five Nations are sworn to the English whose soldiers

have been in possession of Fort Niagara since the previous summer. If they should be discovered, it might be possible for these savages to bring a force sufficient to overpower his small party. Cautiously they stole along over the broken heights beneath which roared the great cataract of Niagara. When about seven miles from Lake Ontario the river below the falls became quiet, and here at night they landed their frail craft and silently glided past the fort out on to Ontario. Unceasingly plying the paddles all night, by morning they saw the gray outline of the Canadian shore, where at last they rested safe from attack, near where Toronto stands. After an interval they glided on, keeping the northern coast line in sight, and ever on the lookout for an enemy, for now the English were in possession of the southern shore with a party at Oswego from which Amherst, but a few weeks later, embarked for the capture of Montreal and Canada. The Lake being crossed in its longest distance they enter the wide, swift water of the lordly St. Lawrence river, and glide past its thousands of wooded islands now gorgeous in the rich green and the brilliant wild flowers of Spring, a sight most beautiful and entrancing, even to the men born in the wilds. They keep a close watch on either shore with rifles ready for instant use, as their might be a foe at every turn. For this reason they are journeying much at night, and

never go ashore during the day time. They pass numerous Indian towns, but always at night if possible. The many treacherous rapids of the river have no terrors for these expert canoemen and pilots. They pass them all as easily as if they were quiet waters. After many weeks they see on the high bank of the river in the distance, the low stone walls of Montreal, only fit for Indian defense, now patrolled by soldiers. They have long since learned from the Canadians, met on the way that the French Canadian army was drawing into Montreal to make its last stand for the Fleur de Lis in all Canada and Louisiana. De Langlade took his place in the ranks and stood by to do whatever duty was assigned to him.

The English General Amherst, who had wasted all the preceding summer in getting half way up the banks of Lake Champlain, besides capturing Niagara, was now on the move to embark on the St. Lawrence. Murray was moving on Montreal from Quebec, and Haviland was moving to the same place along Lake Champlain. On they all came to meet and surround the last army and stronghold of New France.

In June, the mail from France brought Charles de Langlade for his valued services in defense of Quebec, the previous summer, a promotion to lieutenant of troops stationed in Canada, signed by King Louis XV himself. This interesting document with the seal of France still attached is

now in the Historical Society collection at Madison, Wisconsin. It reads as follows:

"By the King: His Majesty having made choice of Sieur Charles de Langlade to serve in the capacity of half pay Lieutenant with the troops holding Canada, he commands the Lieutenant General of New France to receive him, and cause him to be recognized in the capacity of half pay lieutenant by them and all others whom it may concern.

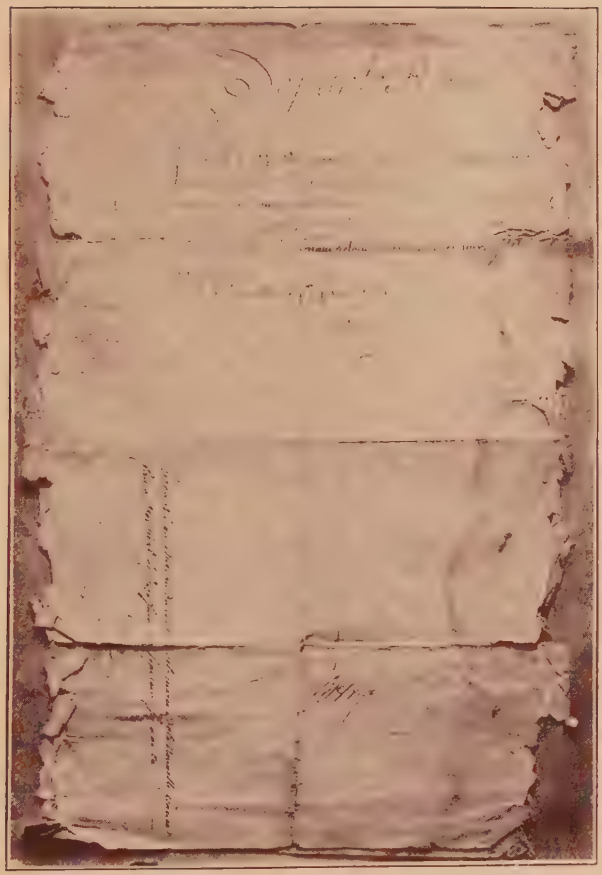
"Done at Versailles, February 1, 1760.

BERRYER. LOUIS.

"Registered at the Comptroller's office of the marine of New France at Montreal, the 16th day of June, 1760. DEVILLERS.

He was now entitled to wear the white uniform of a French officer and looked very gay indeed. His sword was an ivory handled straight blade, with a white scabbard and is still in possession of his descendents at Green Bay, who retain a tradition, that this sword was sent to de Langlade by King Louis XV.

Early in September, Murray lay on the lower side of Montreal with his forces from Quebec amounting to twenty-five hundred men; Haviland was across the St. Lawrence with thirty-five hundred; and Amherst smashing over the surging rapids down the St. Lawrence with ten thousand veterans, was expected very soon to land above the town. Vaudreuil, the Governor of New France had in his small army two



LIEUTENANT DE LANGLADE'S COMMISSION

Signed by King Louis XV at Versailles, given for service in defense of Quebec.
Page 166. Now in possession of Wisconsin Historical Society.

companies of deserters from the English. It was expected that these would be captured and punished when General Amherst conquered Canada, which all knew would be the outcome of the war in a very short time. The western Indians under de Langlade, would be of no service hereafter as the Governor had fully determined to surrender the Province. He therefore called Charles de Langlade to him, on the third of September, and informed him of his wish, that de Langlade should leave at once with his army of savages; and also take charge of the two companies of English deserters and pilot them west and then into Louisiana, that they might be as far from meeting the English as possible. It was certainly a safe hiding place for one to get into the far western forests in those days. At the same time the Governor appointed Charles de Langlade, "Superintendant of the Indian nations of the Upper Country."

His careful instructions he placed in writing which we copy here in full as an interesting paper:

"Pierre Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Grand Cross of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, Governor and Lieutenant General for the King in all New France, lands and regions of Louisiana:

"Sieur de Langlade, half-pay lieutenant of the troops of the Colony, whom we have charged with

the superintendance of the Indian nations of the Upper Country, which are returning to their villages, is ordered to use his utmost diligence to report with them at Michillimackinac, to watch that they commit no theft, nor offer any insult to the canoes of the voyageurs whom they may meet on their route; always to encourage them in their attachment to the French nation, making them feel that if we have the misfortune to be taken by the enemy, the Colony could at the utmost remain only a few months in its power, and that if peace is not actually, it is probably on the point of being made."

"We notify Sieur Langlade, that he is by our orders to transfer two companies of deserters from the English troops, by the way of the Upper Country, to be sent to Louisiana; which companies are commanded by two sergeants, one Irish and the other German, both very intelligent, and quite capable of preserving discipline in their troops. Sieur Langlade will therefore take care that his Indians stir up no quarrel with these deserters, nor commit theft; nor insult them while they are under their escort; he will also procure for them all those facilities of which they may have need along the route, and which may devolve upon him; and he will also select such Canadians to guide these deserters, as will not abandon them." "VAUDREUIL."

The expedition on which de Langlade was ordered out was very hazardous, and none but a hardy,

expert woodsman and a daring ranger could have succeeded. His tribes were many. His Indians despised the English, and dangled at their belts many of their scalps; yet they were to travel in the party of these two companies of deserters and act as escort and protectors. None in all the western woods could have made this possible but de Langlade. The journey for several hundred miles was beset by savages of the Five Nations or Iroquois, all sworn to the English and for many years the enemy of the French, and holding the fiercest enmity to the Ottawa and other western Indians in de Langlade's party. These fierce Mohawks and Senecas were everywhere on the banks of the St. Lawrence and southern shore of Lake Ontario. Besides all these dangers that beset the journey of de Langlade, the fleet of General Amherst was crashing through the rapids only a few days off. In fact, de Langlade must have met some of his advance boats on his first day's journey, for they appeared in sight of the city two days after he embarked. If any of these boats saw his fleet of canoes making up river and should salute them with a broadside of grape shot, his journey wonld have ended very soon after it was begun. He seems to have overcome all these dangerous obstacles, at least he arrived safely at his journey's end. The river is very wide, with many bays and islands about which they could hide from an enemy, and by running closely against the left or

northern bank. Their fleet must have consisted of several hundred canoes, and we would not suppose they remained together until after they had passed the squadron of General Amherst. Five days after he had his order to journey to Old Mackinaw, Vaudrueil had surrendered Montreal, the army and all Canada to General Amherst; and the fleur de lis which had floated over the French possessions for nearly two centuries, was hauled down never to go up again, and the standard of St. George was placed in the northern breeze to fly until this day.

The capitulation was signed on the eighth day of September, 1760, at Montreal.

On the next day the Governor sent a messenger flying after de Langlade with information of the events and instructions to surrender the vast empire of the west from the little outpost upon the northern point of lower Michigan. This interesting letter reads as follows:

Montreal, ninth of September, 1760.

"I inform you, sir, that I have to-day been obliged to capitulate with the army of General Amherst. This city is, as you know, without defences. Our troops were considerably diminished, our means and resources exhausted. We were surrounded by three armies, amounting in all to twenty thousand and eighty men. General Amherst was on the sixth of this month, in sight of the walls of this city, General Murray

within reach of one of our suburbs, and the army of Lake Champlain was at La Prairie and Longuell.

"Under these circumstances, with nothing to hope from our efforts nor even from the sacrifice of our troops, I have advisedly decided to capitulate with General Amherst upon conditions very advantageous for the colonists, and particularly for the inhabitants of Michillimackinac. Indeed, they retain the free exercises of their religion; they are maintained in the possession of their goods, real and personal, and of their peltries. They have also free trade just the same as the proper subjects of their King of Great Britain.

"The same conditions are accorded to the military. They can appoint persons to act for them in their absence. They, and all citizens in general, can sell to the English or French their goods, sending the proceeds thereof to France, or taking them with them if they choose to return to that country after the peace. They retain their negroes and Pawnee Indian slaves, but will be obliged to restore those which have been taken from the English. The English General has declared that the Canadians have become the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, and consequently the people will not continue to be governed as heretofore by the French Code.

"In regard to the troops, the condition has been imposed upon them not to serve during the

present war, and to lay down their arms before being sent back to France. YOU WILL THEREFORE, SIR, ASSEMBLE ALL THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS WHO ARE AT YOUR POST. YOU WILL CAUSE THEM TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS, AND YOU WILL PROCEED WITH THEM TO SUCH SEA-PORTS AS YOU THINK BEST, TO PASS FROM THERE TO FRANCE. The citizens and inhabitants of Michillmackinac will consequently be under the command of the officer whom General Amherst shall appoint to that post.

"You will forward a copy of my letter to St. Joseph, and to the neighboring posts in order that if any soldiers remain there, they and the inhabitants may conform thereto.

"I count upon the pleasure of seeing you in France with all your officers.

"I have the honor to be, very sincerely, Monsieur, your very humble and very obedient servant, VAUDREUIL."

"Signed in the original draught."

De Langlade seems now to have been principal in command in the west, for to him was given the unwelcome duty of lowering the white flag which had been so long held aloft on the breezes of Lake Michigan. It was flying at the picket fort when Charles de Langlade was born. It had been there ever since, saluted by all who passed that way. None in all Canada had made such brave and strenuous efforts in its defenses as the

fearless warrior of the Monongahela. He had been in arms for the defense of his native land from the first moment of attack to the last moment of its life.

No one has told the story of the coming down of the last French ensign in Canada, or of the laying down of the last gun.

Every able soldier had been to the front and had done service for his country. The Illinois and Mississippi was deserted that their people, savages and borderers might be near the front. Old Mackinaw out there on the border of Lake Michigan with its few inhabitants held its little power over the rich territory, now known as the forests of Michigan with its priceless iron and copper deposits; the great lakes Michigan and Superior; the hundred rivers of Wisconsin, its forests and prairie; the rolling prairie and rich soil of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and all of the west reached by a voyage along the tomahawk way, the valley of the Fox river, into the present corn and wheat field of the world. Here at Old Mackinaw, the most westerly outpost of Canada, in command of this rich country, now filled with millions of people, great cities and wonderful enterprise, then dark in forest, primeval and savage, there gathered in the cool of the early days of winter near the Christmas time of 1760, a little knot of battle-scarred veterans. They were in the great room of the commander, lighted by

a single candle, a log fire blazing in one end of the room. They were dressed in the buckskin coats of the frontier, with moccasins on their feet. Their long hair hung in shaggy folds over their shoulders and their whiskers were long. They were men with eye alert for danger. They had been with their leader, Charles de Langlade, through many a hair-breadth escape and fought in many battles of the war. These border rangers had their guns with them. Commander de Langlade rose and said he had been ordered to an unwelcome and painful task. He then read the order of Governor Vaudreuil for the capitulation of Canada and asked his companions to lay down their arms, which was done by a motion, for as the arms were the personal property of the men themselves, they took them up at once. Some one was sent out to haul down the flag. But no British flag was hoisted in its place until the following year. De Langlade remained in nominal command until Captain George Etherington was sent out, who took possession of the fort at Old Mackinaw, September 28, 1761.

XVI

1763. PONTIAC. MASSACRE AT OLD MACKINAW. DE LANGLADE RESCUES CAPTAIN ETHERINGTON FROM BEING BURNED AT THE STAKE

AFTER his affairs had been arranged and the orders of the Governor carried out, it was the middle of winter, but we suppose that De Langlade retired with his family to their home in the little settlement at Green Bay, where he traded with the Indians, and did some hunting and fishing for the enjoyment of the sport. Many congenial spirits had gathered into the small hamlet, and we doubt not they all had many thrilling stories to relate of their experience in the long and desperate struggle. None here but those who spoke the French language or Indian tongue.

The Canadians had been engaged in this contest, for many years, with the English. The common people had looked upon it as a battle for the fur trade, with their rivals, in the commerce of the Indian and they now felt very bitter, as they now expected their business and prosperity would be wrested from them by their enemies. In the days which had passed before the great armies came, these people in Green Bay and Mackinaw had become fondly attached to the

beautiful western wilds, enjoyed prosperity and life in their simple way, and had few events to change the even tenor of their happy lives. They grew up among the savages, intermarried with them, and in dress and habits became much like the wilds in which they lived, acquiring that keeness and watchful alertness grown into them by the oftimes dangers which surrounded them. In these quiet times about the little hamlet of Green Bay, whose log cabins surrounded by wide branching oak and elm trees, lay along the quiet bank of the Fox River, there was often a charming scene which gave zest and life to the sleeping hamlet. "One subject of absorbing interest dominated the French creole life, and seems to form the sole incentive to letter writing in these primitive times. The fur trade, always the fur trade, its ebb and flow," beautifully says Miss Deborah B. Martin, "the event of the year was the coming of the voyageurs from far Montreal, in autumn, when the habitants would gather on the sand points below the log cabin home of Charles de Langlade, to watch the batteaux sweep in from the bay. Amidship sat the manager of the fleet, a master whose word was law, while the crews in their gay covering, flashed a bit of vivid color, seen far down the river. The paddles kept tune with the song that rose and fell, of how Michel climbed a tree and fell down, or of two cavaliers who journeyed together, one on foot and one on

horseback, with a chorus endless in repetition, unmeaning in our prosiac minds; but the music with its wild thrilling cadences, would charm the heart and dim the eye with tears. It was the air to which was sung the couplet of the two cavaliers, which inspired Tom Moore's Canadian Boat Song:

> 'Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
> The rapids are near, the daylight is past.' "

The great war was over, and the most conspicuous place in the rustic village was the de Langlade trading post, as the most important man in the whole surrounding wilderness was Captain Charles de Langlade.

Over on the opposite side of the river and a little below the village was the rotting ruins of the old French fort. Some of its log cabins were used by the habitants who had grown too old to tramp the woods for game, now quietly smoked their pipes and sipped their wine in front of the cabin in the cool of the evening, and tilled a small garden of onions and beans.

In the fall of the following year, Captain Belfour who had come up to Old Mackinaw with Captain George Etherington, the last of the previous month, set off with canoes and bateaux filled with soldiers, provisions, cannon and munition, crossed the northern end of Lake Michigan, and entered Green Bay, on October 12, 1761.

The mixed inhabitants of the secluded village rushed to the bank to see the strange sight, as the fleet with the English flag aloft, wound about through the serpentine channel of the river's outlet, scaring up black clouds of wild duck, as they slowly crawled through three miles of weeds and tall tasseled wild rice to the landing, where the rotting pickets of the old fort almost met the waters of the river. The strangers took possession of the remains of the old French Fort and hoisted the red flag of St. George for the first time in the domain of the future state of Wisconsin. They found the fort "quite rotten, the stockade ready to fall, and the houses without cover." They immediately set to work and repaired the ancient ruin and rechristened it Fort Edward Augustus. It was due to Captain de Langlade that the English garrison made a peaceable entry, unmolested by the savages, who naked and painted, watched with immovable countenance, their entry. De Langlade made his savage neighbors and friends, the wild Menomonee and warrior Winnebagoes to understand, that now the country had surrendered, they should make the best of it, and live peaceably with the English who now governed the land. Their inclination was contrary to this advice; but they accepted the situation and were ever after while their flag was master the faithful allies of the English; even refusing to join Pontiac's conspiracy

against them. The Post at Green Bay was under the orders of the commander at Old Mackinaw.

Two days after their arrival, Captain Belfour departed, leaving the command to Lieutenant James Gorrell, with a sergeant, corporal, fifteen privates, a French interpreter and two English traders.

This was a force of twenty combatants. Sir William Johnson, head of the Indian department, had told Gorrell that unless he did everything in his power to please the Indians, he had better remain away. He had not been well supplied with gifts for the savages, so he used the wampum, he had received from the Indians, in making new wampum belts, which he gave to other tribes when his bead supply was exhausted. On May 23, 1762, Gorrell held a Council with the Menomonee and Winnebagoes, at which he recommended them to the English traders, he had brought with him. It was the advent of these English traders, which made much ill feeling among the French habitants, who were all entirely interested in the Indian trade, which is called the Fur trade, as furs were the only merchandise which the Indian had to offer for goods. The coming of these English traders all through the west, immediately after the war, was the occasion of the hatred of the Canadians, and induced their excitement of the savages to join the Pontiac Con-

spiracy, which soon set the west on fire, and swept their rivals to ruin and death.

Soon after Captain George Etherington settled at Mackinaw, he invited all the French living there and at La Baye to call on him and confer as to the best methods to pursue, in his government, and also as to his management of the Indians. He also desired all to take the oath of allegiance. All this was very desirable to make his conduct of affairs pleasant, and inspire the people and natives with confidence in his policy. Charles de Langlade and his father, Augustin, journeyed from Green Bay to Mackinaw, we suppose in the spring of 1762, on this invitation, accompanied by their wives and children, and several Paunee slaves, who belonged to them. The visit was very agreeable to all, and had the best results. Captain Etherington received Lieutenant de Langlade and family, with extreme kindness, and did everything in his power to make their visit pleasant, and win them over to the support of his authority, in which he was agreeably successful. He asked Charles de Langlade to continue in the office of Superintendent of Indian affairs at Green Bay, and to accept the post of Captain of militia, which de Langlade accepted; and continued under the new government the offices held under the old, and was faithful to his charge. De Langlade was the more sensible of this double favor and confidence, because it was en-

tirely unexpected. He would now wear the uniform of the English, which, though it was not as he would wish it, his beloved France having lost their rich possessions, it was the most rational thing for him to do. He would not love his own countrymen the less, and could do better by them, with some authority, than otherwise.

In the fall and winter of 1763, Pontiac the great chief of the Ottawa, whose village was above Detroit, and who had become also a chief of a band of Wyandotts or Hurons of the eastern bank of the river, and of Pottawatomies and Ojibwas near Detroit; and who was a cruel, intelligent and eloquent savage, visited a number of tribes and represented to them that the English had come to take their lands, and drive them away. That their French father had been asleep, but was now waking up and was crossing the sea, with a great army to drive the English away. He urged them to take up the tomahawk in defense of their hunting grounds and drive the English from the land. The alarm spread among all the tribes. He sent runners out with the black war belt and his speech. The great conspiracy was kept very secret. It was arranged to make an attack on every military post west of the Mountains at the same time, at a certain change of the moon in the month of May, 1763.

The savage outbreak was everywhere so sudden, that hundreds were murdered. The garrison

at St. Joseph (now South Bend, Indiana), was taken by surprise; as also was that at Miami on the Maumee and Ouitanon (Wea) on the Wabash; Forts Sandusky, Venango and Le Boeuf were burned and the garrisons killed or captured; Presque Isle, now Erie, was captured after a desperate resistance and most of the garrison murdered. Detroit and Fort Pitt were besieged for more than a year. The frontiers of New York, Pennsylvania and Virgina were swept with fire and tomahawk, and the defenseless settlers fleeing from the horrors of Indian massacre. The war, which lasted for over two years, created wide-spread horror and destruction, was not ended until the English had marched an army to the far outposts of Kaskaskia and Cahokia, and raised the red flag on the banks of the Mississippi river.

The war belt had been sent to all the tribes in the future Wisconsin, and far out on the plains to the Sioux. There was an Ojibwa (Chippewa) band, whose villages were at Thunder Bay, above Detroit, and on Mackinac Island, and an Ottawa band at L'Arbre Croche, to both of whom the belt had been sent and accepted.

Of all these occurrences during the winter and spring of 1763, Charles de Langlade, then at La Baye, was aware. He had been told everything. The French were not to be injured. It is perhaps true that many of the Canadians were friendly to the uprising, and some of them with some renegade

English deserters, were in active sympathy with Pontiac's plans. But de Langlade was not.

In the spring de Langlade went with his father and family to Old Mackinaw and informed Captain Etherington that the Indians were proposing an attack, and advising him to be on his guard. He explained in detail the wide extent of the conspiracy, and that both the Ojibwa and Ottawa had espoused the cause of Pontiac.

Etherington, an incompetent officer and not acquainted with the treacherous nature or cunning of the Indians, did not credit the story told him by de Langlade. However, after de Langlade had repeated the information to him several times, Captain Etherington sent for Matchekewis, the great chief of this band of Ojibwas.

This was a bold, reckless savage, of bloody instincts and implacable hatred of the English. His home was at the little village on Thunder Bay, to the east of Mackinaw Fort.

In the interview with him, the wily savage denied all knowledge of any bad feeling and expressed his love for the "Sagonash," which is the Indian name for the English.

The messengers of Pontiac had been at the village of Matchekewis several months before, bearing the black and purple wampum, beaded war belts. Appearing before the assembled warriors, they had flung the red hatchet at their feet, and in the rich eloquence of the forest bred tongue

of the savage, delivered the speech of Pontiac. The band greeted their words with applause, and the woods echoed with their war whoop, and raising the blood red tomahawk, they all pledged themselves to join the war.

News of all this came to Charles de Langlade, and he repeated it to the over-sensitive English commandant; but who was too confident of his own importance to believe such a thing was possible of such innocent appearing Indians as those he saw about him. After Charles de Langlade had been to Captain Etherington repeatedly, with the complete story of the savage conspiracy, he was finally informed by Captain Etherington: "Mr. de Langlade, I am weary of hearing the stories you so often bring me; they are the foolish twaddle of old women, and unworthy of belief; the Indians have nothing against the English and cherish no evil designs; I hope therefore that you will not trouble me with any more such stuff."

"Captain Etherington," said de Langlade, "I will not trouble you with any more of these old women stories, as you call them, but beg you will remember my faithful warnings."

On the thirteenth of April, Charles de Langlade, with his father and family, desiring to return to La Baye, were given the following passport by Captain Etherington.

MICHILLIMACKINAC, April 13, 1763.

"I have this day given permission to Messrs. de Langlade, father and son, to live at the post of La Baye, and do hereby order that no person may interrupt them in their voyage thither with their wives and children, servants and baggage.

GEO. ETHERINGTON, Commandant."

Though this passport was obtained, doubtless, with the intention on his part to return to his affairs at La Baye, he did not go away from Mackinaw. Perhaps he was induced to remain to be of service to the whites when the impending blow was struck, which he knew was bound to occur very soon. The intended surprise and massacre of the garrison was common knowledge among the French Canadians, and half breeds at the settlement, and a number of them informed the commandant and some of the soldiers and the four English traders. Alexander Henry, the English trader, had been told of it by his Indian adopted father, and he had informed Etherington. The day before the massacre, this Indian and his squaw had begged Henry with tears and entreaties to flee with them, but he scarcely credited the disaster that was to overtake him. A Canadian trader, Laurent Ducharme, made urgent appeals to Captain Etherington to be on his guard against the threatened treachery. The Captain not only refused to believe his story, but ordered him not to come near him again. Finally the

Commandant, in his self-importance and blind belief in the friendliness of the Indians, threatened to send to Detroit as prisoners anyone who should disturb his pleasant dreams with such tidings of Indian treachery.

The traveler coming to Old Mackinaw or as then called, Fort Michillimackinac, one hundred and forty years ago, saw the beach lined with canoes and before him thirty or more white log cabins alóng the shore beyond the palisade of the fort. The British flag swung on the breeze from the wooden bastions. Within the Fort stood numerous log buildings, used for officers quarters, barracks for the soldiers, stores and stables, all surrounded by the tall, log palisade. Back from the clearing occupied by the corn fields and gardens of the habitants rose dark and threatening, the tall forests of spruce, pine and elm. There were thirty English soldiers, officers and traders within and about the fort.

Pontiac had commenced the long and bloody struggle, the seventh of May, by surrounding Detroit with his swarms of savage cut throats and the news of his defiance had spread over the land and the savage war whoop was heard from the Mississippi to the Delaware river. The entire Algonkin savage hoard were on the war path joined by the Senecas and Hurons.

Before the end of May the news came to the Ojibwas at the north and the Ottawa of L'Arbre

Croche. There was great excitement among them. The Ojibwas from all about the northern end of the peninsular, began to move toward the post at Mackinaw. Some by canoes, some by trail through the deep forest. The band over on the Island of Mackinac pushed their frail barks, six miles, across the strait.

Many small bands, away on the winter's hunt, began to come in and all headed toward the settlement at Mackinaw. No word was sent to the Ottawa to the south of their gathering and intention, as doubtless they desired the wealth of the plunder for themselves alone. The dark woods all about the settlement swarmed with these dusky butchers. They moved about the village freely, entered the trading posts, and bartered for powder and ball, hatchets and whisky.

They swarmed through the interior of the fort, and chatted pleasantly with the soldiers. Every place was open to them. They were peaceable and friendly up to the very day of their treachery. The day before their outbreak, they visited the trading stores of Alexander Henry, purchased knives and small hatchets, and often requested to see silver bracelets and ornaments, with the intention of learning their place of deposit, to more quickly snatch them in the pillage to occur the next day. As the day wore away, they grad-

ually withdrew to the forest, and many of the garrison saw the sun set over the quiet waters of Lake Michigan for the last time.

The next day was the fourth of June, a month after Pontiac's attack on Detroit, well known to the French and Indians, but with a fool hardy disbelief, not credited by Captain Etherington. This day was the birthday of King George III, and the garrison was to have their usual celebration of that event. The Ojibwa had proposed to the Captain to join in the celebration, by giving the garrison an entertainment of an exhibition game of Baggattawa, or the Indian game of ball, known as La Cross, which is much like modern foot ball, only the ball is tossed from a golf stick with a spoon in the end with which to pick up the ball, which by a dexterous swing is sent swiftly toward tall crosses at either goal. A great crowd participate in the game.

The dissembling of the savages is as marvelous as the fatal infatuation of the Commandant. It was to be a great fete day in Mackinaw.

The morning sun rose warm and brilliant. The surrounding trees dressed in long tassels, or wide figured sprays, gave a rich, green background to the quiet waters of the lake and the peaceful little village, along the shore. The ground about was white, purple and red with its carpet of wild flowers. All nature, with its song birds was to enjoy the fete. The over-presumption of the

Captain, permitted no caution or guard against the fate in store for the garrison on that beautiful day. The savages had planned their designs carefully. Their knives and tomahawks were concealed under the blankets of their women, who lounged about the gates and within the fort. The cannon from early morn boomed frequently in honor of the event. The soldiers were all off duty. All were unsuspicious of treachery. The swarm of half-naked savages with feathers through their nose and hair, bodies painted in fantastic colors, horse tails and scalps dangling at their belts, with La Cross bats in their hand, came straggling in early, and took their places in the wide, cleared campus, before the fort. The soldiers stood about the gates, at the windows or on the buildings to obtain a good view of the great game. Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie sat on benches out a distance from the fort in reckless disregard, with no manner of caution. The game was to be played by the Ojibwa on one side, and the Sac of the Wisconsin River on the other side. A band of these gypsies of the Wisconsin forests had come up a few days before, in opportune time to join in the stratagem of the Ojibwa. With the true sporting instinct of an Englishman, the Captain had made wagers that the Ojibwa would win. The game proceeded with great spirit and skill. The hundreds of savages contested the goal of their respective

sides with the most unbounded enthusiasm, and every point gained by either side was cheered lustily. The Canadians came out and watched the game, admired the excellent playing and wondered how they could disguise their designs so completely. The players surged back and forth for hours, amid great cheering and excitement, from morning until the sun was high in the heavens, at midday, when suddenly the ball flew high in the air, curved over the heads of the players, and landed inside the fort. This was the signal all the savages had been waiting for, and was the act of their stratagem, which was to give them quick and unsuspecting entry through the wide open gates of the defenseless fort. The eyes of three hundred warriors followed the ball, and as it came down, their savage yell rose on the air, and the whole fiendish rabble surged to the fort. The squaws were there to furnish their knives and tomahawks, which they quickly seized and joined by the lounging chiefs, not in the game, the whole garrison was at their mercy.

Charles de Langlade and family were in their own home watching the game through the windows, which gave them a clear view of the scenes in front of the fort. They heard the war whoop and saw the savage onset. The English were taken by surprise and without arms or means of defense. The spectators without the fort were assailed and as the Indians rushed into the fort,

all was carnage and scalping. Both Etherington and Leslie were seized and carried into the woods. Within the fort the slaughter was without mercy. They furiously cut down and scalped the English. Alexander Henry saw several of his countrymen fall and struggling between the knees of their captors, who holding them in this manner, tore off their hair with the scalp skin, while the victims were still alive. Looking out through a crack in the roof of de Langlade's attic, Henry again "beheld in shapes the foulest, the ferocious triumph of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk; and from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking their blood, scouped up in the hollow of their joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory." Inside the fort the savages met Lieutenant Jamet, who armed only with his sword, "defended himself like a lion," against a host of savages. He slashed them right and left, but their numbers bore down on him, until after he had been cut the thirty-sixth time, the last blow of the tomahawk laid him dead in the bloody courtyard.

Mr. Tracy, an English trader, who was going down to the beach to meet a canoe, just arrived to learn the news, was seized and tomahawked. Eighteen soldiers with Etherington and Leslie were held captives in the woods, and with them

were two other English traders. Henry had hid himself in the loft of Charles de Langlade's house. Savages came there to look for him, and de Langlade was importuned by his wife to give him up to save their own lives, by not meeting the ill will of the savages in assisting the English. He was not given up, but the savages took him. His life was spared by his adopted father mentioned before. Seven of the English soldiers being in a hut imprisoned were ruthlessly assassinated by a chief, who had arrived too late to take part, but who wished to show his sympathy with the general massacre. Seventeen in all were murdered.

One night, a few days after his capture, Captain Etherington was taken out before the Indian camp and tied to a tree. All the savages with their squaws and children sat about in a circle. The camp fire among the trees casting a ghostly gleam over the unsympathetic circle. They were about to burn the captain at the stake. Dry fagots and broken wood was piled about the unfortunate victim. If we knew his thoughts now, they doubtless would recur to the oft repeated warning, which had unfortunately been too true. He was about to feel the flames and be burned alive as the measure of his folly. The Ojibwa were just about to apply the torch, when a tall, manly figure with black, flowing locks, held down with a tight fitting hunting cap, came

bounding through the dusky circle, leaped to the side of Etherington, threw away the fagots, cut the cords that bound him, led him out into the circle, and demanded of them: "If you do not like what I have done, I am ready to meet you." None dared take up the glove, for they knew too well the metal of the bravest of the brave, Charles de Langlade.

A large party of Ottawa from L'Arbre Croche, hearing of the massacre of the garrison, and provoked that they had not been apprised of the intended attack, now came over to the fort and after holding a council with the Ojibwa were given some of the booty, and a division of the prisoners, when being satisfied, they took Captain Etherington and Lieutenant Leslie, with eleven soldiers of the garrison, and returned to their village, thirty miles south, down the shore of Lake Michigan.

Before going away, Etherington had given the fort over to the command of Charles de Langlade. Captain Etherington, in his letter to his superior at Detroit says: "I have been very much obliged to M. de Langlade, for the many good offices done us on this occasion." Etherington sent a note to Lieutenant Gorrell at La Baye, to evacuate that post and come to him with all their garrison, ammunition and the English traders. This he did, accompanied by ninety friendly Indians as a guard. Hearing from Gorrell that he was coming, Captain

Etherington sent a message to Captain de Langlade, now in command at Mackinaw, to send to him, we suppose, from his private stores, twelve sacks of wheat flour, twelve rolls of tobacco, four porcelain necklaces, six pounds of vermillion, which was transmitted to him. These were to be used to feed and treat the visiting friendly tribes. De Langlade was then protecting two Englishmen, whom Etherington advised him to try and send to him. Etherington was with his men still a prisoner with the Ottawa at L'Arbre Croche, located thirty miles south of Mackinaw, and then known as the mission of St. Ignace, presided over by the good Jesuit Father Du Januay, who had wonderful influence over these savages by whom he was greatly beloved. This Jesuit priest had been of material service to the English in this great trial and had even carried Etherington's message to Detroit, and brought back an answer, that Major Gladwyn could render him no assistance. The message of Major Gladwyn was also to de Langlade, and ran as follows: "He was to present to M. de Langlade and his interpreter M. Farley his compliments and thank them for their good offices. . . . . M. de Langlade was authorized to command at the Fort, in accordance with Captain Etherington's directons, till further orders."

Soon Gorrell landed at L'Arbre Croche with his English garrison from La Baye, and after numer-

ous conferences with the savages, it was determined the English should leave the country. So they took canoes and the fleet started for Montreal, by the Ottawa river route, escorted by friendly Ottawas.

Then, excepting at Detroit, not an English soldier remained in the region of the great lakes. The untamed savage was master of the whole western world.

In August, the following year, Captain Howard arrived with a strong detachment and took possession of the forts at Mackinaw and La Baye, relieving Captain de Langlade from his thankless office.

Two savage chiefs divide the dishonors of successfully devising and executing the plot to massacre the garrison of Old Mackinaw. Alexander Henry, in his old age, wrote an account of the affair, from which Francis Parkman has assumed that Minawavana, known to the French as La Grand Sauteur, the great Ojibwa, a cruel and merciless savage of fifty years of age, was the bold leader of that frontier tragedy. But Lyman C. Draper, Wisconsin's learned historian, who had no equal in his information of Norhtwestern history and events, says it was Matchekewis, an equally cruel and brutal savage Ojibwa chief of about twenty-eight years of age, who planned the plot, and led the Indians in the slaughter on that sanguinary occasion. The abundance and value

of the authorities produced by Dr. Draper must decide the case against Matchekewis and convict him of the crime. He was subsequently arrested and sent to confinement in Quebec, but afterward released, given a medal and showered with favors. He joined the British savages in the Revolution against the Long Knives, as the Americans were named by the Indians.

XVII

1777. IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, DE LANGLADE LEADS THE WESTERN SAVAGES TO JOIN BURGOYNE'S INVASION. JANE M'CREA. BATTLE OF BENNINGTON

DE LANGLADE now had a period of rest from wars and turmoil for nearly a dozen years. During this long interval of peace, he resided with his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters, in the quiet little village of La Baye. At this time it was scarcely a village, as it contained only seven families, who with their slaves and domestics, numbered fifty-six people. There was no priest or church, nor any school or schoolhouse. It was simply a log cabin camp in the edge of the woods along the Fox River. Mackinaw was about two hundred and forty miles distant by water, a three or five days' journey, over waters often rolling in high breakers.

Mackinaw contained a considerable population of frontier French and domestics, for those days, which was estimated as over three hundred people. The priest lived either at that post or at the mission of Point St. Ignace, which was then located thirty miles south of Mackinaw at L'Arbre Croche. When Charles de Langlade wished his

family to see the priest, or to hear mass, they journeyed over to Mackinaw; for it must be said of the de Langlades, that they were deeply imbued with the sacredness of all the offices of the Catholic faith.

Whenever de Langlade made his long journey to Montreal to dispose of his furs and renew his stock of gay cloth, clothing, beads, hatchets, kettles, red blankets, ear bobs and Lucenbooth brooches for his trader stores, a journey which he made once a year, his family journeyed with him to the more pretentious settlement of Old Mackinaw, and enjoyed the gayer society of this frontier metropolis, until the return of Sieur de Langlade with his fleet of well laden canoes from their long journey by lake, river and rapids. The woods rang with the shouts of welcome and greeting as the canoes swiftly rounded to the shore in sight of the whole population. The canoe being the usual method of travel, these people were ice-locked and snow-bound for a good part of the winter, and half the year, except snowshoeing in their hunting and trapping, which was their only winter activity outside of their sports.

The discontent of the English colonies along the Atlantic coast had constantly grown more intense for a decade past, as repeated attempts were made by Parliament and King George to impose burdens of taxation upon them against

COLONEL A. S. DE PEYSTER

Though born in New York, 1736, yet as commander at Old Mackinaw in beginning of Revolution, he remained true to his King and organized the Western savages until relieved by Sinclair, 1780. Page 199.

their will, without permitting them a representative in Parliament. The stamps had been burned by the citizens in the streets of New York, and the tea on which a duty of one cent was imposed, had been thrown off the vessels into Boston harbor by the angry populace. The whole population by this time increased to over three million, were soon engaged in civil war at Lexington, and then in a revolution which was the birthday of the great republic.

Guy Carleton was Governor of what was then known as the Province of Quebec. This was old Canada and the region north of the Ohio River, and west of the Allegheny Mountains to the Mississippi River. There had been scarcely any settlement of all this beautiful country, excepting as formerly about the military posts.

Along the St. Lawrence, many of the soldiers of the old wars had located and some settlements began in the rich lands north of Lake Erie. The population of both Quebec and Montreal, had increased from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand, yet, however, all this immense tract of forest and prairie, almost two thousand miles in extent, was primeval wild, ranged by savage men and savage beasts. Captain De Peyster was in command at Old Mackinaw of a small band of English soldiers; but no sentinel's call, "All's well", waked the echoes of the deserted barracks of the old French fort at La Baye. The wind whistled through its open

doors and owls winked from its empty window holes.

As the minute men and militia, forming the patriot host, under the supreme leadership of Washington, beleaguered the English army in Boston, the attention of both the colonists and England was directed toward Canada, for the position its people took in the coming contest was of great importance to both parties.

Washington wrote of the armed expedition made into Canada: "I look upon the interests and salvation of our bleeding country to depend upon your success." And to Arnold he wrote: "To whomsoever it (Quebec and Canada) belongs, in their favor, probably will the balance turn. If it is in ours, success I think will most certainly crown our virtuous struggles; if it is in theirs, the contest at least will be doubtful, hazardous and bloody." From England, Lee writes Washington: "The ministerial dependency on Canada is so great that no object can be of greater importance to North America than to defeat them there."

Guy Carleton, the Governor of Canada, had constantly reported that the Canadians were contented and loved the English. Bnt when he called for volunteers to repel the forces of Arnold and Montgomery who were invading Canada, he was finally forced to admit, that, "There was

nothing to fear from them in prosperity and nothing to hope for in distress."

The Canadians would not so soon forget that the colonies had assisted the English to conquer their country and rejoiced at their downfall. For more than three quarters of a century, there had been a bloody contest between the Canadians and New England, and the Catholic Canadians could not believe in the tolerance of the Puritan if he should finally rule his country. The Canadian was in no mood either from tradition or experience, to favor either party and therefore remained for the most part neutral.

There were some among them who could feel they were assisting, in some degree helping, the cause of old Canada by once more joining a war against New England. Among these was Charles de Langlade. So when Governor Carleton sent him a commission of Captain in the English army, it found him out on his estate at LaBaye, dealing in peltries with the Indians, and he accepted it. This gave DePeyster, the English commander at Old Mackinaw, great pleasure, and he recorded, that it "secured to our interests all the western tribes." Captain de Langlade was very soon authorized to raise an Indian force, "and attack the rebels every time he met them." However, though he drew the salary and held the command during the whole of the long contest, it does not appear that he felt much differently

from the most of the Canadians, as he seems not to have engaged in many contests. So far as we can discover he had but a single contest with any American, and fought but few battles during the war, though he did have many experiences which are interesting in themselves.

In the middle of the war, when France plainly began to aid America with money, men and ships, then the Canadians were swept by their love of their native land into the heartiest friendship for the struggling colonists. The then Governor Haldimand of Canada, reports in June, 1779, that, "the Canadian inhabitants, both above and below," had "become adherents to the united cause of France and Americans." From this time on we learn very little of the exploits of Captain de Langlade.

Captain de Langlade was over in the lakes George and Champlain region for General Carleton, acting as a scout along the lakes and in the woods over the hills and through the valleys of that mountainous country during the summer of 1776. In the fall, he was released to return to LaBaye for the winter, with a very complimentary letter from the Governor written on the banks of Lake Champlain, in which he informs Captain de Peyster of Old Mackinaw, "That I have been very much satisfied with Mr. Langlade." "I have commissioned Langlade to bring me down two hundred chosen Indians in the spring. I send

you two medals and a gorget for chiefs whom Mr. Langlade will inform you of."

The employment of Indians was named in orders by "the King's Command," sent out by Lord George Germain of the Ministry, in which the officers on the frontiers were given notice that, "It is His Majesty's resolution, that the most vigorous efforts should be made, and every means employed that Providence had put into His Majesty's Hands for crushing the rebellion."

During the winter, de Langlade had obtained the consent of the Menomonee and Winnebago Indians to take the war path with him in the Spring. DePeyster wrote to Carleton on the twelfth of April, that the season being pleasant, it afforded him an early opportunity for sending off goods to "Langlade Indians at LaBaye," remarking that he had, "seen many Indians during the winter, who are well inclined; the only fear now is, not being able to prevent the whole country from going down."

One week later De Peyster sent the canoes of goods for the Indians to de Langlade, at the La Baye, which was the first voyage made over the lake this spring. In the cargo there was "eighty pounds of tobacco, one sack of corn meal, two barrels of 'scota wabo," the Indian name for whiskey. There was also a letter to Captain de Langlade, in which he bids him come with the Indians, but he says not "to wait for a great num-

ber, for I believe we will have too many volunteers here, and tell Caron (Tomah) that I shake him by the hand, as I also do all my children at La Baye." Captain de Langlade left La Baye, and arrived at Old Mackinaw with sixty Menomonee and Winnebago, where he was joined by some Ottawa and Ojibwa, assembled by De Peyster, and June fourth, the party launched their canoes and commenced their journey to Montreal, leaving other Indians to follow later as they came up. By this time News had come to De Peyster that Spanish agents had been seen among the Indians, which "made the Indians rather more difficult to move than I expected, such is their curiosity and fear." Within a few days the news was confirmed by word from Milwaukee, then a small trading post, by which it was learned that the Spanish commandant at St. Louis had sent a belt to Siganakee, Chief of the Milwaukee mixed band of Indians, to raise all the Indians between the Little Detroit in Green Bay, and the Mississippi river. And the next day after Langlade's departure, of some Menomonees who came up to Mackinaw to follow him, "many of them shamefully leaving Langlade yesterday."

"They took French leave of me, or I should have sent them after him, as I did a party of Winnebagoes yesterday." De Peyster in the same dispatch says: "Yesterday arrived at Mackinaw, a number of strange Indians, all fine look-

ing men without one woman or child. They declined going down the country to Montreal; but proffer the greatest friendship. I shall have a strict eye upon them." Nine days after "the departure of Captain Langlade," says De Peyster's dispatch, "the Pottawatamies arrived here from St. Joseph at the foot of Lake Michigan, to the number of fifteen, who are all either chiefs or their sons." He sent them on at once in one canoe, "as Mr. Langlade assured me you was very desirous of seeing some of that nation. Their behavior here has been remarkably good. They came under the conduct of Mons. Le Chevallier, a man spoken very ill of at Detroit. I, however, perceive by the great attachment these Indians have to him, that he had better be caressed at present. Charlot, the Iroquois, came also with them and conducts them to Montreal. He speaks French and is a good subject. Mr. Langlade sent him with Thierry to St. Joseph to raise the Pottawatamies, where he fell sick, but nevertheless was indefatigable in bringing over those Indians. At another time these gentry would require a good let down for past offenses, and some very recent ones, but at present no nation requires more tender treatment. Their coming is, I hope, a step toward future good behavior." While writing this dispatch to Carleton, Captain De Peyster, looking abroad over the waters of Lake Michigan, saw another party coming to shore, and

then adds: "Gautier at this instant arrived with the Sacs and Foxes. I must therefore hurry them off before they see each other, as a meeting will be rather inconvenient at present, and may greatly protract this voyage. Gautier was employed by M. de Langlade to bring those Indians in here. I can count in the canoes to the number of thirty-two."

Four days later DePeyster having the report of Gautier of his journey into the Illinois country, to raise the Sacs and Foxes, reports to Carleton: "It appears from the reports of every trader and even from Gautier's enemies, that he was the only person who could have raised the tribes in the critical situation he found things in the Mississippi country. His indefatigable industry to stop the rebel belt and divert that of the Spaniards, shows that he is capable." He let him lead the band to Montreal, "as in so doing I comply with the earnest request of the Indians, who declare they cannot do without him, as he speaks their language, and is acquainted with their customs and manners." "The Rebel belt was forwarded from Detroit by the Ottawa chief, Howaggishikee, and the Spanish belt was in the hands of M. Hubert of New Orleans, formerly in the French service. The nature of the latter is perhaps still a secret. Hubert said it was to invite the chiefs of the different nations to assemble at the Spanish fort at St. Louis, and hear what their father had to say.

Gautier told him that the Indians on this side of the river knew of only one Father and must not listen to his message. He was joined by several traders in opposing Hubert, who then retired. The Spaniards may perhaps want to settle a peace between our Indians and theirs; but any talk with them at present, would greatly alarm the Indians in this quarter, especially as the Rebels have so lately appeared in this quarter."

This reference to the Rebels, was of an expedition sent to New Orleans, by the government of Virginia for powder. There were one hundred men under Captain George Gibson, and Lieut. William Linn, who returned with the powder, in 1777, by the Ohio river. The appearance of this party of Americans greatly excited the Indians, and made them careful of alliances. The natural dislike of the savage for the English, was favorable to their easy excitement by all the rumors set afloat among them by the Spanish, the Canadian, and the occasional American. It is not strange that but few of them followed, perhaps the only captain in all the west who could engage them in war against the Americans. And we do not suppose the heart of Captain de Langlade was very warm in the struggle.

The patriots battling for their liberty in the new republic, saw the sun go down on the campaign of 1777, with much discouragement and their hopes nearly blasted. The cities of New York, and Phil-

adelphia, their capitol, were in the possession of the English army; the congress was a fugitive body; the national army after successive defeats, had marched with naked feet, their path a trail of blood, to that awful winter at Valley Forge. But there was one great event in this campaign to enliven their imagination as to the possibilities of other similar events, General Burgoyne and his whole army were taken prisoners.

Burgoyne had been sent out from England in the spring, and by the twelfth of June his splendid army was concentrated at St. John's, at the outlet of Lake Champlain. It consisted of nearly eight thousand men, well equipped. Half of them were British regulars with about one hundred and fifty Canadians, and the other half were Hessian hired soldiers. There were forty pieces of artillery, the finest train in America. He had with him many savages of the St. Lawrence region and at the river Bouquet, near Crown Point, he made his celebrated address to four hundred Iroquois and Algonkins. Bancroft is in error in adding the Ottawa to this meeting.

The English army moved up the Lake, captured Ticonderoga, and then marched south in two columns, one west of Lake George, and the division under Burgoyne, landed and encamped, until the last of July, at Skensborough, now Whitehall, at the south end of Lake Champlain.

Meantime Captain Charles de Langlade was urging his fleet of birch canoes over Huron, Erie and Ontario Lakes and the St. Lawrence river, with his savages, and only a few days behind came others to join his clan. On the fourteenth of July, Governor Carleton writes from Quebec to Peyster:

"I have received your letters by Mr. Langlade, and others, on the subject of the Indians sent down from your neighborhood." As de Langlade had started on the fourth of the previous month, he could hardly have reached his destination more than a few days earlier than this. With him he had the seventy Menomonees, and as he made for Mackinaw Island on his way, he may have picked up some Ojibwa, now called Chippewa. Following him at Old Mackinaw were the fifteen Pottawatamies who probably joined his advance party early in the journey. A few days behind him came the thirty-two Sacs and Foxes, and the Winnebagoes, sent after him earlier. We see no report of Ottawa being with de Langlade at this time; but they are reported to be with Hamilton at a council held at Detroit, designed to loose them against the frontiers of Pennsylvania. After this party of de Langlade, made up of not more than one hundred and thirty savages, arrived in Montreal, a council was held, the war pipe passed around, presents and whiskey freely given. Captain de Lang-

lade acted as interpreter, translating the talks into the Chippewa, which was the most universal language. A great war feast was given to the the savages, at which an ox was roasted whole, from which these savages cut great slices and ate to their content, after which they took up their tomahawks, gave the war whoop and running to their canoes, leaped into them to commence their journey to join the army of Burgoyne, at Whitehall. There they met La Corne St. Luc with some of his St. Lawrence Indian bands, the other portion of whose party was on the west side of Lake George following St. Claire on his retreat from Ticonderoga. We have detailed more particularly this band under de Langlade, because of the amount of criticism showered by all historians upon the Burgoyne expedition for its use of the savages, who as King George said, were the means "Providence had placed in his hands to subdue the rebels." All such events as added to the horrors of those by the savage contingent, which occurred, prior to the twentieth of July at least, must be charged against other than the western tribes, though we cannot promise that their coming made the deeds of the savages any the less horrible.

JANE M'CREA.

Burgoyne had said in his speech to the savages the previous month: "You shall receive compen-

sation for the prisoners you take," so as soon as the western savages came into the Whitehall camp, they sallied out to seek plunder and prisoners. Edmund Burke, who in his abhorence of the employment of savages against Englishmen, had learned, "that the natural ferocity of those tribes far excelled the ferocity of all barbarians mentioned in history," was soon to have most horrible evidence of its truth.

Jane McCrea, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of James McCrea, a Presbyterian minister, affianced to a loyalist, who was in Burgoyne's camp, had come up to the home of Mrs. McNeal, which stood in the clearing in the uplands, near Fort Edwards on the Hudson river, about thirty miles south of the English camp at Whitehall.

The savages skulked through the woods. Word was sent to Mrs. McNeal that it would not be safe to remain there, and Lieutenant Palmer with twenty men, was sent over as an escort for the family, to aid them to reach the American camp in safety. While waiting for the household goods to be packed for removal, Palmer led his men on a scout in the neighborhood to seek the lurking foe, when he fell into an ambush of western savages. In the sudden attack, twelve of his soldiers and Palmer himself were killed. Two Indians then rushed to the house, seized Jane McCrea and Mrs. McNeal, mounted them on

horses and flew toward the British camp. The remaining soldiers recovering from the first onslaught of the Indians, took after them in time to fire on the fleeing savages, as they were hurrying away their captives. By this fire Jane McCrea fell. She alone was sitting upright, and was killed, while the Indians who threw themselves down on the horses and hung over on their sides, escaped injury, exclaiming: "Um shot too high for hit." One of the Indians, though in rapid flight, grasped Jane McCrea and scalped her. Mrs McNeal arrived at the British camp the next day and reported that she never saw Jane McCrea after that; but after "my arrival in the British camp, an aide-de-camp showed me a fresh scalp lock, which I could not mistake, because the hair was unusually fine, luxuriant, lustrous and dark as the wing of a raven." Miss McCrea was buried the next day by the soldiers, who had attempted her rescue, and who had killed her, with their careless shots, unintentionally. "Three bullet holes were found in her body, but no other wounds," according to the statement of Colonel Morgan Lewis, under whose direction she was buried. When many years afterward her remains were disinterred, the skull was unbroken; no savage tomahawk had ever been sunk in it, as had been so long believed." A monument has been erected near the spot where she fell. Her sudden death caused everywhere the deepest horror

and indignation, both among the Americans and in the English camp. Bryant says of the unhappy fate of Miss McCrea: "The manner of her death was at first uncertain, but as the horrible story sped far and wide through the country, the romance of person, gathered about the tragic incident of war, and the feeling aroused was universal and intense. . . . . She was young; she was beautiful; she was gently nurtured, and of high social position; she was bethrothed."

"It was natural enough that exaggeration should be accepted where there could be so much that was sad and pitiful."

Auburey in his travels, published a few years later, remarks that: "The General showed great resentment to the Indians upon this occasion (the death of Miss McCrea) and laid restraints upon their dispositions to commit other enormities. He was the more exasperated as they were Indians of the further tribes who had been guilty of this offense, and whom he had been taught to look upon as more warlike." The western tribes concluded to retire and demanded food and means of transport. A council was called, when their consent to remain was secured. Yet, "notwithstanding this," says Auburey, "to the astonishment of the general, the desertion took place the next day, when they went away by forces, loaded with such plunder as they had collected, and have continued to do so daily, till scarce one of

those who joined us at Skeenesborough is left." Bancroft remarks that: "The Ottawa (the western tribes) longed to go home, but on August fifth, nine days after the death of Jane McCrea, Burgoyne took from all his red warriors, a pledge to stay through the campaign."

BENNINGTON.

It seems very probable that some of the western Indians took part in the battle of Bennington, a few days later, in which one hundred and fifty Indians were engaged. At this place was the "fabled magazine" of American stores of provisions, horses and cattle, of which Burgoyne was desperately in want. It was twenty miles east of the British line of march. On the eleventh of August, Colonel Baum was dispatched with four hundred Brunswickers, and a select body of British marksmen, some Dutchmen, with two cannon, a party of French Canadians, some Colonial royalists, and the horde of Indians. By night of the thirteenth, Colonel Baum encamped about four miles west of Bennington, on a hill that rises from the Walloomscoick river, just within the State of New York. The next morning on discovering a party of Americans, he entrenched himself, and wrote back for reinforcements, which were sent on the way through a driving rain the next day.

Now General Stark left his plow, and taking his old fowling piece, was in the saddle. From all directions the people flocked over the hills to his standard, set up within a mile of Baum. Seth Warner, of Vermont, came down in the rain with his Green Mountain boys, on the fifteenth, from Manchester. When the sun rose on the sixteenth, Stark commenced his plan of the day. The foreigners seeing parties of men in shirt sleeves, with fowling pieces without bayonets, steal behind their camp, mistook them for friendly country people seeking his protection. In this way five hundred Americans united in his rear. While his attention was distracted by a false assault, two hundred more patriots posted themselves on his right; and Stark with two or three hundred more remained in front. At three o'clock Baum was attacked on every side and the bloody battle was on. The Indians dashed between two detachments, but fled the field quickly, leaving their chief and half their number dead. New England sharpshooters ran up within eighty yards of the cannon to pick off the gunners. After a fierce contest for about two hours, Baum ran short of powder; then the Americans scaled the breastwork and clubbing their muskets, fought desperately hand to hand. Baum ordered his men to force a way out with bayonets and sabres; but he soon fell, mortally wounded, and his veteran command surrendered. Just then

the battalion of Breyman, sent out by Burgoyne to reinforce Baum, having taken thirty hours to march twenty-four miles through the forests, came up; and Warner brought up his regiment of Green Mountain boys, which joined to Stark's tired men, rushed at the new foe with great spirit and bravery; turning the captured cannon on their late owners. The battle raged until sunset when the English abandoned their cannon and made a precipitate retreat, hotly pursued until night. Those who escaped owed their safety to the darkness. The American loss was thirty killed and forty wounded. The English loss was double this number, together with seven hundred prisoners. "This victory, one of the most brilliant and eventful of the war," was irreparable to Burgoyne. Most of the Canadians deserted. "The Indians of the remote nation began to leave in disgust," says Bancroft. Here we suppose that Captain de Langlade, in consequence of losing his command by desertion, was released from duty, as we learn no more of him in this campaign; nor do we know if he was himself engaged in this battle. At least he was not taken prisoner with the army of Burgoyne when it soon after surrendered to the Americans at Saratoga.

XVIII

1778. DE LANGLADE'S RED WAR HATCHET SENT AMONG THE WISCONSIN INDIANS TO RAISE THEM AGAINST THE AMERICANS

LATE in September, de Langlade gathered his scattered clans men at the little trading post on the lake of the Two Mountains, on the Ottawa river, twelve miles above Montreal, and with Captain Gautier de Verville and other partisan leaders, started up this river bound for home. It was a long, laborious voyage up the rapid river, over the portage into the French river; then across Georgian Bay; and about the north end of lake Huron. The air was keen and sharp, and the hazy Indian summer, that beautiful season of the fall, covered the earth with warm days and chilly nights; and all the brilliant colored hardwood leaves mantled the ground with a thick matting, when the fleet, with song and shouts, woke the few soldiers at the fort of Old Mackinaw, and its French Canadian habitants flocked to the shore to hear the latest news from the front.

Here de Langlade remained. De Peyster having orders from Governor Carleton to furnish five hundred savages for the following summer, ordered de Langlade to summon them early in

the spring. This was a winters work among the natives of the forest and stream. He had now arrived at the age of nearly fifty years, of a life filled with daring adventure, and active war; and not feeling able to carry on the extremely active work necessary, or endure such hardships, sent his redoubtable nephew, Gautier, to arouse the tribes at their winter quarters. He was half Indian, having been born and lived all his life among them, familiar with all their habits and their language. Gautier set off for the little settlement of La Baye, on the sixth of November, where he arrived after a voyage of twelve days, "where I began," he says, "to announce your plans, which I supported in Indian fashion by wampum belts and presents." He kept a journal of his winters work, by which we can follow him in his exciting travels among the savages. He sent out runners with belts to the Menomonees and Winnebagoes at their winter quarters where they were gathering furs, on the head waters of the streams along the Wolf River. Sabacherez, a Menomonee, having died, he had him buried and gave the relatives presents to make favor with them. "Some beggers learned of my arrival and did not spare me." He set out from the Baye the last of December to go to the Rock river in the southeastern part of Wisconsin, taking the trail along the bank of the Fox river, he passed the present sites of DePere,

Kaukauna and Appleton, along the western shore of Little Butte des Morts Lake, where the trail wound past the high earth mound called the "Hill of the dead." At the end of the lake he crossed the Fox river, on to an island (now Doty Island at Menasha) at the foot of Lake Winnebago, where he came up to the ancient village of the Winnebago, where the squaw queen, Glory of the Morning, was then the chiefess. Here with some Winnebago chiefs, he left some war belts, and with a trader, Sieur Lisse, "a belt with a runner for the Menomonee Indians and another for Milwaukee." After a wait of three days he continued his journey through the oak openings. After ten days, he "fell upon a lake," Koskenong, where there were "two villages, whose inhabitants, one of one hundred Winnebago and the other two hundred Sacs, had left for winter quarters;" and the next day which was the middle of January, he arrived at the Rock river, at the place where he hoped to find the aboriginals he sought, but the village was deserted. He then struck out across the prairies to the west, for about one hundred miles over snow to Prairie du Chien, "and at all little lodges I met, I announced your plans." There he found a mixed party of savages who had come to meet him, "who had very little to eat." Here was a small settlement of traders and habitants on the flat shore of the Mississippi river, below the high

rock walls, which enclosed the great river for miles along its northern course. He dispatched runners among the Sioux with the war belt, and entreated them to bury the hatchet against the Sac and Fox, a peace necessary for the success of his mission. He sent word also to all the traders enlisting them in his service, to aid in raising the Indians. The band of Sacs and Foxes who had returned with him from Montreal were shivering with the cold of midwinter, and with their families, were "sick, tired and nearly frozen as they had left their things at La Baye." For their relief he used the credit of the Crown among the traders.

The last of January he commenced a journey up the river to the Sioux, arriving in a fortnight at the Saint Croix river, where he learned the Sioux were wintering on its head waters, with some Winnebagoes, who had become anxious for their brothers who had not returned from Montreal, "thinking they were dead, and in virtue of this, they wanted to kill Sieur Robert, a trader, because he was an Englishman," to whose cabin he proceeded, "to quiet this tumult," where he arrived just in time to save the traders life. He then dispatched runners "to seek Sabache, a great Sioux Chief, and another to go among the Chippewa of Manominikara with belts and the customary presents." He invited the Chippewa, "to come and see him, promising them peace

with the Sioux." He heard it said that the Sioux of St. Peter river (Minnesota) were assembling to go to war against the Chippewa, "and sent runners to them to keep quiet," and come to him; from which message he had reply from Sabache, the Sioux, that "they were going to be with me in five days." In a few days, more trouble came to him, as on the morning of the twenty-second of February, there came trooping into his camp, "from Terra, nine lodges of Winnebago to leave their wives and children, and to depart straightway to go and fall upon the Chippewa, to avenge the death of a Winnebago, whom they had killed last summer by accident at Buffalo Lake," in the Fox River of Wisconsin. "This would have been a war, which all the nations of the Mississippi would have engaged in, if I had not checked it," and he lavished presents on the warriors, succeeding at some cost in stopping the war party. The last of the month, the Chippewa came in from Manomanisk, in the wilderness of western Wisconsin. He held a great council with them. Rising upin their midst he pronounced this speech: "My brothers, I announce to you on the part of your father, that if you do not hasten to see him this year, you will make him think that you are not his children and he will be angry. He has a long arm and very large hands. He is good. He has a good heart, when his children listen to him. He is bad, he is terrible; he sits in judg-

ment on all the Indians and French." Having finished he passed the belt to the chief and offered the pipe to each warrior, who took a whiff and returned it. Then the tall Chippewa rose up and made reply:

"It is good that you tell us what our father has told you to tell us. I am a chief. I hope to go see him two times this spring. I know that some chiefs are good, and strong, some bad; but that they can and will all go."

More trouble came to him, as one day a Sioux rushed in and reported that the Chippewa, at their winter's camp with some Sioux, had given them some poisoned oil, which made the Sioux sick; but he quickly mended this breach with presents. The Winnebago lost a tribesman by drowning, and he was obliged to pacify their grief by numerous presents, which he considered important, as "his family was composed of six persons."

The great Sabache arrived with twenty warriors, when Gautier left his camp at the mouth of the St. Croix and voyaged up the Mississippi to St. Peter's river, near the present city of St. Paul, where he found two traders, and announced his mission. Here the tribesmen began to gather. Among the Sioux were some Winnebagoes. A nephew of the Sioux chief, having been accidentally drowned with a Frenchman, "which caused a little trouble through the sadness which

it spread in the place." The general poverty of the aboriginals, "so overpowered me that to make them follow me, I was obliged to buy food." Now assembling all the clansmen on the river bank, they took canoes and swiftly sped down the great river, landing at Prairie du Chien on the twenty-sixth of April, where he found waiting him a red tomahawk sent by de Langlade, and a letter, brought by Siskonsin, the chief, in which de Langlade had sent a message to the savages. Gautier called all the barbarians into a great council, and with the red tomahawk, sent to them by the Bravest of the Brave, raised on high, he read to them the message which was with it.

The Bravest of the Brave, "commands me to speak to all the chiefs and warriors, but not to others, that de Langlade was a warrior, not a chief. He invited his comrades the warriors to come to see him at La Baye, and to do so they had only to grasp his tomahawk by one end, because he (Langlade) held it by the other."

In a few days came a report that Sieur Reaume, a trader, "had killed and scalped a Sac. Sad news for me who was preparing a war talk." A band of Sacs had joined the Bostonais, as the Americans were called, and had attacked Sieur Linetot, a trader, on his way to the Rock river and robbed him of a tierce of brandy and said: "they would have vengeance for this murder." Gautier, "assembled all the traders and had them

help cover up this so called shameful death, after Sieur Reaume had in a feeble way redeemed this murder." So many Indians had assembled, to which the traders sold great quantities of whiskey, with the result there was a terrible pow wow. One morning in May when Gautier came out of his tent, he was horrified to find the dead body of a Sac killed by drink. His name was Sirchihom. This created great uneasiness. "The Indians unceasingly charged the whites had killed him, and brought up again the murder of Reaume. The danger was so threatening that Gautier was obliged to flee to the woods with his faithful Sioux guards," and "keep ourselves hidden." Then came news that a brother of the trader, Sieur Alexis Reaume had been killed on his way from winter quarters. At last Gautier put a stop to trade in brandy, and having restored order liberally distributed presents, and buried the dead with the Indian rites. Now he sent Sieur de Linetot, the younger to rouse the Iowa, who having been advised by the Spaniards, "not to heed the Venemous and Empoisoned mouths which should come" to them from the Bostonais, which, "all concurred to my enterprise, for they were ready to come to the number of sixty and more." More brandy riots breaking out, he finally took his Sioux warriors and families and repaired to the Fox village; where after he had assembled the tribesmen beneath the trees one May morning,

and rolled out a barrel of brandy, LeChat a Fox "overturned it with a kick saying: 'That did not pay for the bodies of the two dead men whom the whites had killed." Then they all sprang up and would have captured Gautier, if Siskoinsin, Chief of the village had not sprang to his assistance, by seizing the red tomahawk, (of de Langlade) singing the war song, and "addressed them with views, contrary to the ideas of the whole village, which calms all very well."

By the next day sixty Fox had agreed to go to Montreal, and now the Sacs having come up, Gautier left the Fox and appeared in the Sac village; but just at the moment of his arrival, three Sacs came from Rock river, sent with a belt from the Bostonais to all the villages of the Wisconsin river, and "they were at one end of the lodge when I began to talk at the other end, without knowing there were any strangers there." Being warned by an old lady that we would be killed if we went to the Rock river, we concluded not to go there. "All this occurred in a council of war and many weak voices talked war." But the situation was not encouraging as they constantly reproached him with the death of the two tribesmen.

Sieur Jamisse, a friend of a son of the dead Sirchihom, both of whom were in conversation with the three strangers, "took the tomahawk and danced, which excited the whole nation, and

at the end of the dance presented the tomahawk to the son," and Gautier found himself very soon in command of a "very small band of Royalists," "while the son of the deceased seated in both councils took the tomahawk and "made a speech, in which he demanded my skin;" "and to appease him I was forced to give my regimentals."

The last of May he embarked on the broad waters of the Wisconsin river and dodging its sandbars and overhanging branches, arrived at the portage into the Fox river. On the way he had gathered up Nibakoa band of mixed tribes of all nations. At the portage the Sac and Fox came up. As the season was far advanced he could not wait, and he continued to write back for all parties to hurry to La Baye.

Their canoes were now pointed down the Upper Fox. The wild rice was just beginning to grow. The trees had taken on the fresh leaves; the wildwoods were carpeted with the gorgeous May flowers; from the trees came the song of the robin and hundreds of beautiful birds, just returned from their winter in the southland; the bear, panther, wildcat and wolf sought their prey through the openings. All nature hailed the warriors as they glided out of the Upper Fox into the Great Lake Butte des Morts; then through the few miles of deep, wide river, passing the future site of the very handsome city of Oshkosh; they emerged into the broad, clear waters of Winne-

On the Bank of Fox River at Menasha, Wisconsin.

bago Lake, the largest inland body of water in the United States. Gliding over half its length past Garlic Island and Black Bird Island they came to the falls of Men-a-sha.

On they flew over these rapids, passing the future cities of Menasha and Neenah; and emerging onto the crystal bosom of that gem of lakes, the Little Butte des Morts, which they crossed to the falls of Ococitiming, over which they plunged, shooting through the rapids, passing the future college city of Appleton; thence on over thirty miles of turbulent, plunging rapids, they at last beach their canoes in the little French creole hamlet of La Baye, and saluted with a great shout, their commander, Charles de Langlade.

It was an inspiring and exciting war party who swept the rapids with Gautier, composed of two hundred and ten savages with their families, making over five hundred people. In a few days sixty Iowas came sweeping down the rapids. The party now composed of Sioux, Fox, Sac, Winnebagoes and Iowas, joined by the Menomonees, departed under de Langlade, on the 6th of June, over the bay and lake to Old Mackinaw, where they reported to De Peyster. Within a few days after this De Peyster had reported to Carleton, that he had "sent off the last of the Indians, destined for Montreal this season, amounting to five hundred and fifty warriors."

XIX

1778–1780. COLONEL GEORGE ROGER CLARK CAPTURES THE ENGLISH POSTS IN THE ILLINOIS REGION, AND STRIKES TERROR THROUGHOUT THE WEST.

VERY soon after the barbaric host had taken canoes for Montreal, DePeyster learned of the movements of Colonel George Roger Clark, who was marching through the Illinois country, and on the fourth of July, 1778, had captured Kaskaskia, and very soon after, Cahokia and Vincennes, the last English post in that region; but by September, De Peyster became greatly excited by the information and the rumors of Clark's proposed marching against Detroit, and Mackinaw. He proposed Gautier be sent again to the Mississippi to keep the Indians in line, saying: "Mr. de Langlade the zealous, will by no means be able to undertake so active an enterprise." This is the first intimation that this strenuous life was breaking his iron constitution.

After remaining in the Montreal country all summer with his savages, de Langlade was ordered by Colonel Campbell, then on Lake Champlain, at Chamblee, to proceed with all haste to Mackinaw and arouse the Indians to go to the

assistance of Lieutenant Governor Hamilton, who had retaken Fort Vincennes in southern Indiana. De Langlade reached Mackinaw on the last of October. The Indians had all gone to their winter quarters, and when he reached Grand River very late, having been delayed by adverse winds, he raised about eighty of the savages, who on hearing that Hamilton was at Vincennes, refused to follow then and de Langlade crossed the lake in the middle of January to his home at La Baye. On his arrival, he had a letter from Governor Hamilton at Vincennes, informing him of his intention to remain the winter and requireing de Langlade to join him in the spring by the Illinois river. As soon as it was possible to travel in the spring (1779), he called the Indians together and took the trail along the shore of lake Michigan to the Indian village of mixed bands at Milwaukee, where he received word of Governor Hamilton's capture by George Roger Clark, at Fort Vincennes, and the Indians being disheartened refused to go farther. He then crossed the lake to Old Mackinaw and reported to DePeyster on the twelfth of May, 1879. He had been informed that Sieur Beucho, a Canadian, with a party of twenty horsemen was traveling through the prairie towns, gathering horses for Colonal Clark, and spreading the rumor that they would march soon on La Baye, with three hundred men; but de Langlade thought they in-

tended to attack Detroit, which was true; and only prevented by want of resources. Great excitement spread through Michigan and Wisconsin by this expected raid, and DePeyster could not see how he was to hold his "post with a handful of men." Then came news that the Bostonais were building boats near Milwaukee and that they had sent belts to the Michigan Ottawa and Chippewa. "Mr. Hamilton's defeat has cooled the Indians in general." While expecting momentarily the arrival of Colonel Clark, DePeyster proceeded to do "all thiss and will allow to put this fort in a state of defense," and leveled the sand hills about, "to prevent any lodgement behind them." De Langlade remained at the post during the summer. DePeyster called a grand council of the tribes to be held at L'Arbre Croche on the fourth of July, 1779, and sent out runners everywhere to call in the chiefs. Pierre Caree had been sent to Milwaukee to invite the Indians there to join the grand council, and failing of success, Gautier de Verville, was sent to induce them to come; but he returned and reported the Indians had laughed at him. Their chief was Sigenauk or Black Bird, who gave the British much trouble and whom DePeyster called "those runegates of Milwaukee, a horrid set of refractory Indians." Now de Langlade appeared among them, and his talk having no effect, he concluded to resort to the favorite habits of the Indian. He

caused a cabin to be erected with an open door at each end, killed several dogs, had a dog feast prepared, then impaled the raw dog heart on a stick at each door. He invited all to the feast, which they partook of, when de Langlade bounding into the center of their circle, began to sing the war songs in their language, the while passing around the lodge, and each time as he passed the door he bit into the dog's heart, an appeal to the Indian bravery, which was irresistable, and one after another leaped up and joined in the warsong and the war dance, until all were following de Langlade, and he led them in triumph to L'Arbre Croche to the great Council.

De Peyster wrote a book on his western experiences, part of which was supposed to be verse in which he mentions the incident as follows:

> "Those renegates of Milwakie
> Must now perforce with you agree;
> Sly Seggenaak and Naskewoin,
> Must with Langlade their forces join."

It was also rumored that Colonel George Roger Clark would make his way up the Wabash from Vincennes. Then De Peyster clothed and armed a body of Canadians to march with the Indians to oppose Colonel Clark's movement against Detroit, and to oppose the rumored cavalry of Linclot.

After the council, the Indians, having been persuaded by a lavish distribution of rum and pres-

ents to take the warpath, were led by de Langlade with the Canadians south from L'Arbre Croche to St. Joseph, a post at the portage from the St. Joseph river to the Kankakee river, now said to have been at the present city of South Bend in Indiana. Here it was learned that the enemy was not on the march and the war party dissolved. But De Peyster was "nevertheless persuaded that the noise of assembling, caused Colonel Clark to retire and lay aside his expedition, especially as Clark was also informed that the Sioux were to fall upon the habitants of the Creoles, if they marched with Clark against Detroit."

While the warriors were away to intercept Clark, "the families of all the Indians were by agreement taken care of and clothed." Great pains were taken to retain the friendship of the Indians at this time by the Commandant at Mackinaw, "whose friendship it was my instructions to cultivate," and the expenses became the subject of an inquiry from the Governor, which he explained and said: "The expense of which gave me great uneasiness of mind, and the extraordinary trouble I took proved equally grievous to the body." The extent of the Indian demands was a source of anxiety, because it would incur the displeasure of the Government by too lavish expenditure, and bring on disastrous consequences by neglect of Indian impunity, for as he

reports: "I am sorry to say sir, that the Indians are now come to such a pitch, as to make their own demands, and that the refusal of a trifle, if not done with caution, may turn a whole war party."

The next spring, Madam Langlade went down to Montreal, and found herself penniless; so she applied for the half year salary of her husband in the following letter:

"My general—It is to you alone that I can apply for permission to have a canoe to go to M. de Langlade, my husband, who desires me, and who has been for several years in the service of his Majesty, at the upper posts, and is now at Michillimackinac. The zeal of his service and his disinterestedness have made his fortune so small that I have no other resource than to entreat you to command Mons. Campbell to pay me the six months of his salary, which will fall due next month; in order that I may make some small provision for this hard journey.

"The uprightness and the Devotion with which M. de Langlade has served his Majesty for twenty years on different occasions, make me hope that His Excellency will not refuse me this favor. He can see a sketch of his services in the most gracious letter of His Excellency, General Gage, at the time of the defeat of the fort at Michillimackinac, a copy of which I add here, not daring to intrust the original to the post office.

"I am with the most profound respect, My General, the most humble and most obedient servant of your Excellency,

DOURANA LANGLADE."

"Montreal, 22nd May, 1780."

The meaning of the expression, "permission to have a canoe," was a canoe load of goods for trade with the Indians. By which it would appear that de Langlade, detained at the post by the excitement of Clark's raid, was obliged to send his wife for the necessary goods to keep up his trading store.

De Langlade's salary was eight shillings per day, New York money equal to two dollars at present, face value, but in purchasing power several times that amount as compared to the value of the money to-day. While his salary might seem large as his expenses were also paid, yet he was of such a generous nature, that he actually gave everything away to the Indians. Of this generous disposition, DePeyster took occasion to remark in an official report. It seems de Langlade on going away to Montreal in the Burgoyne campaign, had left his accounts to be made up at the post, and DePeyster was sending them on, "after they had been digested into a regular account," when he remarked, "I believe him to be strictly honest, but I see he retains all the French customs. Nothing so easy given as an order on the King. In short he can refuse the

MADAME CHARLES DE LANGLADE

At Montreal. Page 234. From an ideal drawing. No likeness of this handsome queen of the frontier has come down to us.

Indians nothing they can ask, and they will loose nothing for want of asking." His service to the King was a great detriment to his private fortunes.

In the spring of 1779, DePeyster reports to Governor Haldimand, "Mr. Langlade should be kept in pay and in temper," but he "represents that he cannot live at this extravagant place upon their allowance having a constant run of Indians who snatch the bread out of his mouth."

XX

CAPTAIN CHARLES DE LANGLADE LEADS THE SAVAGES OF THE NORTHWEST TO THE MASSACRE OF ST. LOUIS, AND IS DEFEATED AT CAHOKIA BY GEORGE ROGER CLARK

THE publications of the Historical Society of Wisconsin have brought to our notice the ancient archives of Quebec, which throw a different light upon the attack on St. Louis during the Revolutionary war, from which it seems that affair was, according to the British dispatches, a very serious massacre, involving the death of nearly half the habitants. From previous information at hand, it was supposed but eight deaths had been caused, by a few disappointed savages, who had not approached nearer than a mile of the stone mansion or warehouse where the Spanish governor and soldiers were quartered, and was a simple affair compared to information furnished by the English dispatches, which disclose an appalling massacre. These published archives disclose also that the deaths were not by a few scattered savages, but that the attack was desperately made by a host of upwards of a thousand savages, sent out under order of the British governor at Old Mackinaw, and led by that prince of border warriors, the greatest of

the bushrangers, the creole Captain Charles de Langlade, whom the savages named "Bravest of the Brave," the same who organized the tribes and led them to the slaughter of Braddock's army at Duquesne, and who killed Wolf on the plains of Abraham.

These English official documents are published principally in the reports of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Volumes, Number 11 and 12, from which most of the information of this chapter is gleaned.

Captain De Peyster, the commander of Old Mackinaw who had so often begged to be relieved of his command at this frontier post, now had his wish gratified, and October fourth, 1779, Lieutenant Governor Patrick Sinclair appeared at the "rickety picket" and took command. He was charged with rebuilding and enlarging his Majesty's post in these parts. In a short time he determined to establish the fort on the Island of Mackinac, where having completed the new fort, he removed his command in the spring of 1781, a year after the occurrences here mentioned.

Soon after the treaty of 1763 by which the French ceded Canada to the English as far as the Mississippi river, she gave to Spain all Louisiana, west of the Mississippi, who established a military post at Pencour (also spelled Pencor by Draper) which became the future City of St. Louis. Spain had made common cause with

France, and May, 8,1779, had declared war against England. The British Lord Germain forwarded to Haldimand, now English Governor of Canada, dispatches informing him of this and ordering him to attack Spanish posts on the border river, in co-operation with a proposed expedition under Brigadier General Campbell, who was to proceed up the Mississippi to Natches with an army and fleet. These orders were sent to the western Governor's and received by Sinclair at Mackinaw in the middle of February, 1780.

He at once set about to organize an Indian force to go against George Roger Clark in the Illinois Country and the Spaniards at Pencour, which was to be commanded by Captain Charles de Langlade. He fitted out a party who were to "engage the Indians to the westward in an attack on the Spanish and Illinois Country," composed of "seven hundred and fifty men, made up of traders, servants and Indians," under Wabasha, chief of the Sioux, who he says was "a man of uncommon abilities. They are a people undebauched, addicted to war, and zealously attached to his Majesty's interest." With Wabasha, Mons. Rocque was ordered to go as interpreter in French, and Mr. Key as English interpreter. "Mr. Hesse, a trader and man of character," was ordered to assemble the Menomonee, Winnebago, Sac and Foxes at the one mile portage of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers in Wisconsin. There

to collect all the canoes and corn in the country, and remain there until he is joined by Sergeant Phillips "with a very noted chief Machiguawish and his band of Ojibwa." This was the same sanguinary chief who devised the surprise and led the massacre of the English garrison at Mackinaw seventeen years before and who loaded with presents and rum was a firm friend of the English. Their several tribes, including the Sioux, were to assemble at Prairie du Chien.

The lead mines of the Galena region, had been discovered by Perrot in 1690, and were known as Perrot's mines. During the Revolution the lead became an important item of commerce. The mines were claimed by the Fox and Sac Indians who guarded them jealously, fearing the English, as they might wish to dispossess their dusky owners; but the French would be content to permit the Indian to work the mines and trade the lead to them. This tribe of Indians were suspected of having gone over to the "Bostonais," as they called the English colonists.

This war party now gathered by Sinclair's agents at Prairie du Chien, were also to seize whatever lead they could, and capture the people working in the lead mines. The lead in its native state was found in crevices of the Galena limestone rock and could be easily broken out. It was melted in small ovens made of rough stone from which the lead ran to the bottom and out

into small holes in the ground, giving it a form and shape of ingots, easily handled. While waiting for all to assemble, a scouting band of this war party captured a "large armed boat, loaded at Pencour (St. Louis), in which were twelve men and a Rebel commissioner." This was Gratiot's trading boat. The report continues: "From the mines they brought seventeen Spanish and rebel prisoners together with fifty ton of lead." All these were forwarded to Mackinaw.

The war party starting at Prairie du Chien was to be a support to the force under Captain de Langlade, consisting of a "chosen band of Indians and Canadians," who were transported by sailboats over Lake Michigan to Chicago, where they were joined by others, and then entering the Illinois river, made their way south through the wide rolling prairies. Another party were to scour the prairie. If this expedition had been properly supported by cannon and provisions they would have repossessed the Illinois posts and destroyed St. Louis. Captain Durand who had arrived at Mackinaw the previous October from trading in the Illinois Country with the Americans, bringing with him seven hundred dollars in Continental paper currency which was forwarded to Quebec, acted as a guide to de Langlade's command. As security for his good conduct he left all his property in possession of Sinclair.

Captain de Langlade had with him an armful of marvelous wampum belts prepared under the inspiration of Sinclair which were supposed to be symbolical of the wide extent of England's domain. They are described by Sinclair himself in official report: "I have prepared nine large belts geographically descriptive of the strides made in colonization of ours and the Spanish situation on the Mississippi, and placed two Indian figures with joined hands and raised axes, in the country between this and that river. It serves to please." One would suppose that "joined hands and raised axes" would be symbolical of treachery, rather than friendship.

Cahokia was a French Canadian village on the Illinois side of the Mississippi river, about a mile below the present East St. Louis, containing fifty houses and about two hundred inhabitants, mostly French, with some Indians and Creoles. The old French fort abandoned by St. Ange for Pencour, now St. Louis, when France in 1763 relinguished the territory to England, was now seventeen years afterward mostly rotted away. The little American force under Colonel Clark when they swung up the river and took possession, two years before, had made some improvements in its rotting pickets and log block houses, but this spring had abandoned it to a few men, who were merely scouts for dispatching information, and had marched away with his main force of one hundred

men across the Ohio river, where he established Fort Jefferson, near its outlet. It was reported to Sinclair at Mackinaw, that at Cahokia, Kaskaskia and St. Louis, "the garrisons were dependent for their daily bread on the inhabitants who were wearied out by their demands."

St. Louis, or as all the English dispatches name it, Pencour, was in 1780 a straggling hamlet, up the sloping hillside, of one hundred log cabins and fifteen stone houses, all widely scattered along the river front. The most conspicuous building was the trading post or stone warehouse of the founder of St. Louis, the celebrated Pierre Laclede, a stone palace sixty feet long and twenty feet deep.

The upper story surrounded by a wide veranda encircling the whole house, was occupied now by the Lieutenant Governor Don de Leyba and his family, while on the first floor was quartered the twenty soldiers who upheld the Spanish flag in these parts.

This Friday, the day of the "grand coup" had been set by the governor for his final judgment in the Gratiot replevin case, at which were assembled in the government hall the principal business men of the place, (Annals of St. Louis, by Billon), who were surprised in their deliberation by the onslaught of the savages, the massacre of the habitants of St. Louis.

MASSACRE OF ST. LOUIS

"The terrified men, women and children ran out from their houses to reach places of security, but many fell beneath the tomahawk." Page 245.

The doors of St. Louis homes and of its barracks daily swung open, through which the strolling savage wandered unchallenged. Sinclair expected its easy capture, "by a surprise from the easy admission of Indians." From reports brought to him he learned it was defended by "twenty men and twenty brass cannon," and supposed its reduction would "be less difficult than holding it afterward." He was so confident of securing possession of all the Illinois Country that before his several divisions started, he had made his appointments to the several posts. Hesse, the trader, whom he made a captain, was to command St. Louis.

Now the ever warring Sioux of the plains, with his red and black painted skin, half naked, and his great war belt of feathers, stretching down his back from above his head, adding to his deformed ferocity, smoked the pipe of peace with the Ojibwa or Chippewa, he of "ye stareing hairs" of older days, whose numerous bands ranged a vast region of rock and forest like the hungry wolf, from the Ottawa river to the Mississippi, through Canada, Michigan and Wisconsin. Then for a day peace was made with the Ottawa, the Winnebago, whose necklace of human fingers dangled at his breast the symbol unknown to mercy; and the Fox and Sac whose war paint was never laid aside and tomahawk always in the air; and some sneaking Pottawatomies who

would hold a dagger in the offered hand of friendship. Among this Indian horde who assembled from their forest lairs on the sand dunes at the Dog Plaines or Prairie du Chien, were five Englishmen. One was a trader erected into a captain. One was a sergeant in the King's service, made a lieutenant for the expedition. Three were privates, Highlanders in the service of His Majesty, and now honored by the title of sergeant for this journey. All being ready this barbarian host set out down the broad river, swiftly flying with paddle and current.

Captain de Langlade with his little band of "twenty Canadians," and the Indian chiefs with a few dusky followers reached the Illinois and sped over its wide, deep current through broad prairie and high forest of the river shore, winding here and there about with the curving stream, they came at last to the great river over whose milky bosom shimmering in the May sunlight, they saw the long fleet of Wabasha sweeping down with the current. The scouts ranging the plains reported, no enemy out, and all now joining their forces confidently and buoyantly swung their canoes again into the current sure of an easy victory, many scalps and to participate in "the large property," Pencour "will contribute." It was supposed that this formidable war party had been gathered over seven hundred miles of territory, unknown to the enemy. But the Gover-

LACLEDE'S STONE MANSION, ST. LOUIS

Which was surrounded by an embankment as a defense against de Langlade's horde of savages, protecting the Spanish soldiers while the habitants perished by the tomahawk. Page 246.

nor of St. Louis knew of it two months before. He had made some effort to meet the attack by surrounding the big stone mansion with a high embankment. He is reported to have been a drunkard and otherwise incompetent.

Captain de Langlade's fleet flying down the great river, sweeping around its sand islands between its forest mantled walls of brown sand, or jutting cliffs of limestone, landed the 26th of May above the hillside hamlet of St. Louis near the present waterworks. The naked savages drew the canoes high above the floods, and leaving a dozen trusty Sioux to guard them from prawling natives, his thousand followers with their arrows, tomahawks and pointed stone war clubs, clambered up the steep declivity by grasping older bushes and clinging to projecting roots, followed closely after the heels of de Langlade. After gaining the heights they made a detour to the rear of the village and gaining a partial surprise swept down through the present fair grounds onto the habitants who had not yet sought refuge in the protected embanked storehouse. The terrified men, women and children ran out from their houses and fields to reach the places of security, but many of them fell beneath the tomahawk and were scalped. When the bloody work was finished, the savages swarmed through the houses, looting them of clothing, jewelry, milk and wines. The innocent cows and oxen were

slaughtered by the hundreds. From behind log cabins, barns and trees they attacked the stone mansion. Every head which appeared above the breast work was shot at. A fusilade of bullets flew about the log enclosures. The cannons were useless as the attacking party filled the town and they would only batter themselves and their friends, if fired. The Winnebago Indians with some of the Sioux rushed at the embankment raised about the stone house, but as they swarmed over this sand works, they were met by such a hot fire, that they recoiled and retreated in haste down the slope, leaving dead on the parapet, one chief and three warriors, while three were badly injured and one was mortally wounded. This was the only casualty met with by the whole expedition. No breach could be made in the walls of the house as de Langlade had no cannon. The only hope of capturing the place was by assault. After keeping up a scattering fire, and meeting with no success, he gave the word to assault the embankment at all points, but just as this grand rush was about to take place, M. Calve and M. Du Charme, who appeared to control the Fox and Sac, hung back with them to the rear, which gave de Langlade and his warriors, "well grounded suspicion that they were between two fires." These two Canadian traders, who wintered with the Fox and Sac at their lead mine settlement in southern Wisconsin, had been dealing with the

Americans and Spanish, and were at the same time holding out to the English that they were in their interest. Now when the time came to test them, they sought to seem to be engaged in battle, when they were really watching for an opportunity to fall on de Langlade's party. "They had long shared the profits arising from the lead mines and from commerce with the American and Spanish of the Illinois region." Subsequently when they appeared at Mackinaw their goods were seized and they sent prisoners to Montreal.

De Langlade fearing the enèmies in his camp and deeming the store-house too well defended for him to capture without cannon, and a siege was impractical, because he had no provisions, therefore called off his little band of Canadians and the warriors. They were not without some success as they considered it in those days of bush ranger and Indian wars. For they had killed sixty eight (68) of the enemy and had "eighteen white and black prisoners, among whom were several good artificers, many hundreds of cattle were destroyed, and forty-three scalps are brought in," as appears by Lieut. Governor Sinclair's report. Governor Haldimand advised him he would "find the captive artificers very useful at present," to work on the new fort building on the Island of Mackinac. De Langlade crossed the river, deployed through the

woods for Cahokia about a mile down river. As heretofore stated, Colonel George Roger Clark had abandoned both Cahokia and Kaskaskia for the new fort Jefferson south of and at the mouth of the Ohio river. Here he was two hundred miles away when news came to him of the approaching invasion of the host under De Langlade. He quickly summoned his command, and by a forced march reached Cahokia "with his ragged followers" just in time to arrange the defence of the post. (Life of Clark by Draper, App. Am. Cy. of Biog.)

As soon as Langlade's "twenty Canadians" and Indian warriors came up to the hamlet they rushed through the town, driving in the women and children, and immediately assaulted the fort, but the reception they met from Colonel Clark, convinced de Langlade in a moment that it was not garrisoned by "a few sick men and young giddy recruits," but he learned to his dismay that George Roger Clark the terror of the west held the fort. However, he captured five American prisoners and killed an officer and three men of Clark's command. The disaffection of Sacs and Foxes, and his lack of cannon or provisions, made it useless for him to attempt anything further, and he ordered a return of the tribes to their several homes, while he retired to Prairie du Chien, followed by Captain Montgomery, whom Clark had detached from his small defen-

sive force, to menace the rear of the retreating host.

One party of savages retreated through Illinois to Chicago, where relief sail vessels had arrived with a reinforcement, which was opportune, as the Pottawatomies were disputing the passage of the tribes through their territory. They were finally safe on board the vessels or in canoes afloat on the lake and arrived by July at the post of Old Mackinaw "with forty-three scalps and thirty-four black and white prisoners," having in the battles killed seventy-one, with a loss to themselves of one chief and three warriors killed and four wounded, all Winnebagoes.

On his return by the Mississippi river to Prairie du Chien, de Langlade remained with a small party, to guard a stock of peltries the traders had gathered there, stored in a log house which was once the old French fort. Captain J. Long had been sent down from Mackinaw by the Fox river route to bring off these peltries. With him were twenty Canadians and thirty-six Indians. When they arrived they found Captain de Langlade on guard with some Indians. Taking out three hundred packs of the best skins, they filled the canoes, placing thirty-six packs in each canoe. There were sixty packs left in the log building, which unable to remove, they set fire to the structure and burned the old French fort to the ground, to prevent the peltries or fort from fall-

ing into the hands of the Americans whom they expected there soon. It was reported that five days after de Langlade and his party had started up the Wisconsin river, for La Baye (Green Bay), that the Americans came to attack the force at Prairie du Chien.

Governor Don de Leyba after the massacre of St. Louis, "took to his bed with his last illness very shortly after the sad affair of May 26th, sending to Ste. Genevieve for his Lieutenant Cartabona." On his arrival, de Leyba executed his last will, June 10th, and died the 28th, one month after the massacre, from chagrin and mortification.

Immediately after the massacre the government caused a palisade to be built entirely around the hamlet, with stone towers at intervals to guard against further attack. (Annals of St. Louis, Billon.)

XXI

LAST YEARS OF DE LANGLADE

HE soon retired to the bosom of his family at Green Bay, where he attended to his duties of Captain of the Indian Department, and made an effort to repair his fortune much embarrassed by his active participation in the war. In the spring of 1783 he made this report in the French language to his superior officer, Captain Daniel Robertson, commanding at Mackinaw.

"La Baye, March 5, 1783.

"Governor:—These presents are to assure you of my most humble respect, and to inform you that according to what some Puants report when the Traders crossed the portage of the Ouisconsin, their nation wanted to plunder them, that in the confusion there was a Puant called Boeufbanc killed, and that to be revenged, they took from Sieur Reilh the worth of five or six pieces of money in drink and in other things, and as they were still drunk when Monsieur Blondeau passed, he was obliged to give them also a great deal of spoil in order to save his life. There were forty Sauteux men, women and children that ate one another, so long had they fasted in the Bey des Nosques. Caron, chief of the folles-avoines, died

the third of November, and a man named Marcotte, a trader, was killed, we don't know whether by the Sauteux or the Sioux, but his three men were saved, although two were wounded.

I hope to have soon the honor to go and offer you my most humble respect, and if you have need of my services command me whenever you please, you will find me always ready to receive your orders, for I am always with the greatest respect, Governor, the faithful servant of the King. LANGLADE,

Captain of the Indian Department."

His eldest daughter, Charlotte Catharine, who was born on the banks of the Grand River, Michigan, January the twenty-ninth, 1756, had married Mr. Barcellon, and died the year after. But his daughter, Louise Domitilde, who was born in January 1759, at Mackinaw, and married at seventeen years of age, in 1776 to Pierre Grignon, had given birth to nine children, surrounding her warrior father with a healthy band of grandchildren, which filled the house with laughter and song. M. Grignon was first a voyageur in the lake region, and afterward traded for himself at Green Bay, before 1763.

He had by his first wife, who was a Menomonee woman, three children. One was killed by a fall when quite young; another died at Montreal while at school; and the third, Pierriche raised a family, by his marriage with a daughter of

"Morning Glory," the Queen of the Winnebagoes, whose home was at Doty Island, at the foot of Lake Winnebago. This Queen had married a French trader, De Carrie who was a retired Captain in the French service, and fell mortally wounded on the plains of Abraham, where he led the Winnebago with de Langlade.

By Grignon's marriage with Miss de Langlade there were born nine children. After Mr. Grignon's death in 1759, his wife married a Canadian, Jean Baptiste Langevin. There are numerous descendants of Pierre Grignon still living in the Fox river valley in Wisconsin. Augustin Grignon, perhaps the most distinguished of the family, died at Butte des Morts above Oshkosh, at the Porlier home and was buried in the yard, about two hundred feet east of the house, where his grave is still unmarked. Prior to his marriage to Miss Bourassa, Charles de Langlade was married by the Indian rite, then common on the frontier, to an Ottawa woman, by which marriage his son Charles de Langlade, Jr. was born, whom he had carefully educated at Montreal. This son was engaged as interpreter at Mackinaw during the American Revolution and afterward lived at Green Bay. He was in the English service in 1812, at Mackinac, under command of Captain Roberts. He was married to an Ottawa woman, who bore him two daughters and two sons, Charles and Louis de Langlade.

Louis was a Lieutenant in the war of 1812 promoted for distinguished service. It is this family of Charles de Langlade senior which transmits his name to posterity. A number of their descendants remain in Wisconsin, some of them residing in Langlade County.

De Langlade through his position as Captain of the Indian department, obtained a fair income. Her Majesty's government for his distinquished services in the Revolutionary war gave him a life annuity of eight hundred dollars. He was also granted three thousand acres of land on the river Thames, then called La Trench, in the Province of Ontario. He also owned a square mile of land at Green Bay, which was claimed by his daughter, Domitilde and confirmed by the Commissioners of the United States who set off these lands in 1823.

As Captain of the Militia and a military hero of renown, the citizens every year on the first of May, planted in front of his residence, a tall pine flag staff. On saluting the May, a Canadian custom which gave its name to the fete, the staff became completely blackened over with powder, before the close of the day. De Langlade accepted these demonstrations in his honor with dignity and good nature, after rewarding the guests with a keg of wine.

As late as the spring of 1800 de Langlade was engaged in making peace between warring tribes

of savages. On February twenty-fifth he sent two savages to Lieutenant Drummond, informing him of the peace. A few days after this he took a severe cold, causing his death, after an illness of two weeks, on about the fifteenth of March, 1800, at the age of seventy-one. He was buried in Green Bay. The following letter in acknowledgement of his report of the peace, is supposed to have been received after his death.

ISLE ST. JOSEPH, March 11, 1800.

Monsieur:—It is with much pleasure that I learn from your letter of the 25th February, that you have succeeded in arresting the quarrels among the savage nations who have been at war. I hope it will be the means of securing a general peace among them, and at the same time convince them of the attention and regard bestowed upon them by the Britanic Government. I hope that you will continne your efforts in ensuring this peace, which is so much desired by the whole world.

I will take care to inform them at Quebec by the first opportunity of your success. The two Indians have received presents for their trouble and provisions to take back with them for their nourishment. The savages will bring back the gun you sent for.

Awaiting the pleasure of seeing you this spring, I am,

Your very humble servant,

PETER DRUMMOND, Commanding."

"To Capt. Langlade.

St. Joseph's Island is in St. Mary's river, near to Drummond's Island, at the mouth of that stream, where it flows into Lake Huron; and the latter Island, long British headquarters for Indian affairs, very likely received its name from Lieut. Drummond.

Madam Langlade survived her husband eighteen years, dying in Green Bay in 1818 at the age of seventy-five.

Lyman C. Draper, in closing his report of his Grignon Recollections of Charles de Langlade, says of him:

"Thus passed away the Sieur Charles de Langlade, whose long life was one of varied excitement, replete with martial deeds, and scenes of deepest interest in the forest and among the savages. He had, as he often stated, been in ninety-nine battles, skirmishes, and border forays, and used to express a desire in his old age that he could share in another, so as to make the number one hundred.

He was mild and patient, but could never brook an insult, friendly and benevolent in his feelings, and was devotedly loved by all classes of his acquaintances. He was very industrious, and always employed in some useful occupation; often chopping his own wood and hewing timber for houses. He was of medium height, about five feet nine inches, a square built man, rather heavy, but never corpulent. His head was bald,

and in his old age the hair on the sides of his head had a silvery whiteness; his eyes were large and deep black, with very heavy eye-brows grown together. His face was round and full, and he presented alltogether a fine appearance. When dressed, as I have often seen him in his British scarlet uniform, his military chapeau, his sword and red morocco belt, he exhibited as fine a martial appearance as any officer I ever beheld." "It is creditable to the intelligence and cultivation of the de Langlade's and other early settlers at Green Bay, that a distinguished French nobleman, upon visiting the country many years ago, should express his surprise at hearing from the natives of the country, the French language spoken with the same purity and elegance, to which he was accustomed to hear it in Paris."

NOTE:—"I know that a silver buckle of de Langlade is referred to in Grignon's Memoirs; but that buckle is not in evidence to-day. It certainly has not been in the museum to my knowledge during the seventeen years that I have been in charge. Our janitor, who has been here eight years, tells me he has never seen it."—From letter to the author by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaits, Secretary of Wisconsin Historical Society, Madison, November 9, 1903.

[THE END]

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